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FIFTH BOOK

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PART
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THE PROGRESSIVE COURSE IN READING

FIFTH BOOK

PART II

INFORMATION—LITERATURE—ORAL EXPRESSION

BY

GEORGE I. ALDRICH

AND

ALEXANDER FORBES



HOME OF LONGFELLOW

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PREFATORY NOTE.

IN recent years quite a large number of new studies have been introduced into the regular course of the common schools. This has resulted in *oral reading* receiving very much less attention than formerly. In fact, in some schools, it has been entirely eliminated from the regular exercises of the higher classes, and this omission has resulted, we believe, in serious detriment to many pupils.

It is the aim of this book to provide the materials, drills, and suggestions which will be required in making the reading lesson a helpful and profitable exercise. Through its medium it is hoped that interest in good oral reading may be revived, and that regular exercises in this subject may be restored to their proper place in the school course.

With this end in view, we have presented a formal statement of the principles of expressive reading, and have illustrated them at the beginning of Part I of this book. Also, at the close of the lessons, throughout, such other studies, notes, and suggestions are presented as will assist the pupil in *getting the thought* and in giving it proper *oral expression*.

Reference to the Table of Contents will show that its materials include a rich and varied collection of literary and elocutionary gems. These are typical of our language, and they have been so grouped as to provide for *continuity of thought*. Their thorough mastery will cultivate proper habits of study, and equip pupils to read with profit to themselves, and pleasure to others, many of the treasures of English and American literature.

The selections from Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James T. Fields, John G. Saxe, and James Russell Lowell are used by arrangement with and permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the writings of these authors.

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SUGGESTIONS ON VOCAL TRAINING.

Good reading depends upon correct Articulation, Accent, Inflection, Emphasis, and Modulation.

Articulation is the correct utterance of each letter which represents a sound in the spoken word, and of each syllable. A knowledge of the elementary sounds and practice in producing them are essential to good articulation.

Accent is a more forcible utterance of one syllable in a word than is given to the others. The beauty and the harmony of pronunciation depend very much upon accent. However perfect the articulation, misplaced accent will grate upon the ear as harsh, while the absence of accent will tire the ear with monotony.

In words of two, and usually in words of three syllables, only one of the syllables is accented. In some words of three syllables, and usually in words of four or more syllables, there is another accent less strong than the first. The main accent is called the *primary*, and the other the *secondary* accent. The word *compose* has only the primary accent: thus, com pose'; while *composition* has both the primary and the secondary accents: thus, com'po si'tion.

Correct accent is of the greatest importance, since a change of accent often changes the meaning of the word. *Con'duct* means behavior, while *con duct'* means to guide. *Fre'quent* means often; *fre quent'* means to visit often.

INFLECTION.

Inflection is a slide of the voice upward or downward, in reading or speaking. There are, therefore, properly speaking, only two kinds of inflection, the *rising* and the *falling*.

The *rising inflection*, as the name implies, is the upward slide of the voice, and the *falling inflection* is the downward slide. In the rising inflection the voice starts at the keynote and rises above it; in the falling inflection the voice starts above the keynote and falls to it, or it may start at the keynote and fall below it. The last named inflection is called *cadence*, and should be used only when it is desired to bring the ear to a state of complete rest, and the mind to expect nothing further to be said.

Circumflex is, by many, classed as an *inflection*. It is a union of the rising and falling inflections on the same syllable. It is in the form of an undulation or wave of the voice, and is used to express irony, sarcasm, and the like. The use of *circumflex* is well illustrated by the following extract from Lesson XXXIII :

“Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
 For Brutus is an honorable man,
 So are they all; all honorable men, —
 Come I to speak in Cæsar’s funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
 But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke.”

Some claim that *circumflex* may be produced in two ways. They say that the wave may commence with the *rising* slide of the voice and end with the *falling*, or that it may commence with the *falling* slide and end with the *rising*. Those who thus believe distinguish the former as the *falling*, and the latter as the *rising circumflex*. The distinction, if distinction there be, is one which only the delicate musical ear can detect.

That there is this union of inflections, or this *wave* on single syllables, is admitted. That it is used mainly in expressing irony or sarcasm is clear. The ability to use it properly is essential to the proper reading of much that is strong in our literature.

Monotone, which is a prevailing sameness of tone throughout a phrase, clause, or sentence, is by some classed as an *inflection*. This seems hardly a proper name for it. *Monotone* is rather tone without inflection or variety; it is appropriate to the expression of language that is grand, grave or sublime.

Definite rules for inflection can not be given. A thorough comprehension of the matter to be read, familiarity with the words used, and sympathy with the spirit of the lesson, will prove a better and safer guide than formal *rules*, however carefully stated.

In general it will be found that the language of negation, timidity, and direct inquiry calls for the *rising inflection*; while the language of affirmation, authority, and the like demands the *falling inflection*.

Language used to express *irony* or *sarcasm* demands the *circumflex*, while language which is grand or sublime demands that the pitch of the voice be maintained unchanged throughout, requiring the *monotone*.

Read the following from Lesson XXXIX :

"Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevitish dove upon thy emerald crown!"

"O queenly Persia, flame of the nations!"

"O manly, majestic Rome, with thy sevenfold mural crown all broken at thy feet."

The *monotone* is the only fitting form of expression for the proper rendering of these solemnly grand expressions.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is such utterance of a word or of words in a sentence as may be necessary to impress the hearer with the correct meaning of what is read or spoken. Usually it is a greater stress of voice placed upon some word or words than is placed upon others, thus distinguishing them as more important than others in expressing the idea which is to be conveyed.

The emphatic words in a *sentence* hold about the same relation to the unemphatic words, as the accented syllables in a *word* do to the unaccented ones. It has already been said that the beauty and harmony of pronunciation depend largely upon correct accent, so now it may, with equal propriety, be said that the expressiveness, and meaning, and effectiveness in delivery depend in a great measure upon the correct application of emphasis.

It is not wise to multiply classification beyond what is absolutely necessary. It is believed that, for all the necessary purposes of teaching reading, the subject of **Emphasis** may be treated under the three general heads of *absolute emphasis*, *antithetic emphasis*, and *emphatic clause*.

Absolute emphasis is that special utterance of a word or words used in expressing an important idea, where no contrast is expressed or necessarily implied. All words important in meaning as expressing something new or as important to be noticed, are emphatic.

Absolute emphasis is usually a more forcible utterance of the emphatic words. It may, however, be such a noticeable decrease of force in utterance as equally to call attention to the importance of the word as expressive of the idea, as : HUSH! *hush!* he stirred not, — was he *dead?*

A repetition of any word, rendered important by its connection in a sentence, usually requires an increased force of utterance, or increased emphasis. In the celebrated speech of Patrick Henry, we find :

“ ‘ *Treason!* ’ cried the Speaker ; ‘ *Treason, TREASON, TREASON!* ’ reëchoed from every part of the house.”

And in Lesson XXXI :

“ *Rouse, ye Romans! ROUSE, ye slaves!* ”

This is sometimes called *progressive emphasis*, or *cumulative emphasis*. It is common in impassioned speech.

Antithetic emphasis is the stress of voice placed upon words and sentences, when in contrast.

The general rule in reading, however, is that two or more words opposed to each other in meaning are emphatic by contrast. There could be little difference among people, if equally at their ease, in uttering the expressions :

- “ *Beauty is transitory, but virtue is everlasting.* ”
- “ *Industry tendeth to wealth, but idleness to poverty.* ”
- “ *We are bound to be honest, but not to be rich.* ”

The child, as well as the accomplished reader, will emphasize *beauty* and *transitory*, *virtue* and *everlasting*, in the first sentence ; *industry*, *wealth*, *idleness*, and *poverty*, in the second sentence, and *honest* and *rich*, in the last.

Emphatic clause. — Sometimes a whole clause or phrase is emphatic. It can not be said that any particular word expresses the more prominent idea. All are alike important. This is called *emphatic clause*, or *emphatic phrase*.

Good illustrations of this may be found in Lesson XXXI, as follows :

“ We are slaves !

The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves ! He sets, and *his last beams*
Fall on a slave ; not such as swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
 To crimson glory and undying fame, —
 But *base, ignoble slaves !* slaves to a *horde*
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots ; lords
Rich in some dozen paltry villages ;
 Strong in some hundred spearmen ; only great
In that strange spell, — a name ! *Each hour, dark fraud,*
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cries out against them.

“ Be we men,

And suffer such dishonor ? — men, and *wash not*
The stain away in blood ?

“ *Such shames are common.*

I have known deeper wrongs.”

MODULATION.

Modulation includes Pitch, Compass, Quantity, Quality, and Force of Voice.

Pitch, or *keynote*, is the tone or note in the musical

scale on which most of the matter of an exercise is read or spoken.

Compass is the distance on the scale, above and below the keynote, over which the voice passes, in order to secure correct expression.

Quantity denotes the rate of utterance, or the time occupied in pronouncing a syllable, word, or sentence. *Quantity* varies indefinitely, but is usually spoken of as *fast*, *medium*, or *slow*. The rate must be determined by the nature of the piece to be read or the thought to be expressed. Still, much is due to the reader or the speaker. What is fast in one would be but medium in another and, in some, would be slow. As an illustration of what may be considered *fast rate*, simply because all parties would express it faster than they would express other kinds of composition, we may cite :

“ ‘Oh! haste thee, haste!’ the lady cries,
 ‘Though tempests round us gather;
 I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.’ ”

As illustrating *slow rate* :

“ On Fame’s eternal camping ground
 Their silent tents are spread;
 And Glory guards, with solemn round,
 The bivouac of the dead.
 “ Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
 Dear as the blood ye gave!
 No impious footstep here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave;
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.”

As a general statement, *quantity* in any given selection should vary with the thought to be conveyed, from *very quick* in the expression of haste, alarm, exhilaration, etc., to *very slow* in the expression of grandeur, melancholy, reverence, repose, etc. *Quantity* or *movement* is the result of the combination of two elements, — length of sound of words and length of pause between words. Especially in the latter we are liable to error by reason of a certain nervous impatience of delay, which urges us on too rapidly to secure the best effects. Ample pauses should be made after important words, and at the conclusion of phrases and clauses.

The movement suitable to be employed in the delivery of any given passage is naturally suggested by the sentiment and the diction of that passage; for the artist in either prose or verse selects for the more solemn passages words containing long vowels and resounding consonants, and for the more spirited passages words containing shorter vowels and more clear-cut, incisive consonants.

It should be a principal object, therefore, to train ourselves to observe the subtle gradations of quality and of sentiment in any passage, and to vary, with the utmost flexibility, the rate of movement which should be employed in its delivery, in harmony with these changes. Such training not only serves to make the reading more effective upon the minds of the hearer, but also reacts upon the reader by awakening and stimulating his appreciation of the more delicate touches of literary workmanship in the selection.

Quality of voice has reference to the tones; and it is commonly designated by the terms *high*, *low*, *rough*, *smooth*, *harsh*, *soft*, etc.

The cultivation of the qualities of the voice, so as to give it fitness for all the different characters of style, sentiment, passion, and emotion, is the work of years. Much may be done, however, by careful practice in the proper expression of what is to be read, determined by its meaning, etc.

Thus we would naturally use high tones to express :

“Strike — till the last armed foe expires !
 Strike — for your altars and your fires !
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires !”

So we should naturally use low tones for the expression of :

“’Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing : —
 The waters wild went o’er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.”

The *orotund* is simply pure tone without admixture of breath. It is most generally used in its purity, and also most commonly, to express that which is lofty, dignified, and sublime.

The importance of **Modulation** is more clear in the reading of poetry than in other composition. *Poetry* is even more a language than it is a form of expression. Yet the *form* is the most obvious distinction. In form it is either *rhyme* or *blank verse*. In *rhyme* the terminating syllables, including the last accented syllables, correspond in sound. *Blank verse* calls for no such correspondence of terminating sound, but both call for a harmony and a rhythm which come from measured poetic feet, that is, a certain regularly recurring number of accented and unaccented syllables in regular order.

The poetry of the Hebrews, or what is called Hebrew poetry, is not either a poetry of rhyme, or of any definite

number of poetic feet (accented and unaccented syllables). It is a poetry in which one idea is paralleled by another of equal weight and force of meaning. Usually the expression is that of two parallel statements, — sometimes it is of three. Note the parallelisms in the following :

“The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.

“Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.

“His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it.
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.”

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

Figures of Speech are intentional departures from simplicity of expression, prompted either by the imagination, or by the passions.

There are two general classes of figures of speech, known as figures of *words*, and figures of *thought*.

When appropriately used, figurative language is one of the distinguishing beauties of style. It serves to enrich, and to render the language more copious; it describes the nicest shades and colors of thought, which no words in their literal sense could do.

Figures, properly used, give dignity to style, and at the same time afford the pleasure of enjoying two objects at one view, without confusion, — the principal idea, which is the subject considered, and its accessory, which is the figurative dress. Not only is this so, but figures often give a clearer and more striking view of the principal

object than could be gained through the use of only the simple terms. Note the simple statement :

“A good man enjoys comfort in the midst of adversity.”

The same thought expressed in figurative language :

“To the upright there arises light in darkness.”

As *light* suggests *comfort*, and *darkness* suggests the idea of *discomfort*, or *adversity*, the second sentence is a figurative mode of expressing the thought affirmed by the more simple language of the first.

Only the more common and the more simple figures can be considered here. Among the more common figures are *personification*, *apostrophe*, *simile* or *comparison*, and *metaphor*.

Personification is a figure of speech which attributes to an inanimate object the property of conscious life, as, “When Death, the tardy assassin, approached.”

Apostrophe is a direct address to the absent as present, the inanimate as living, or the abstract as personal, as, “Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevite dove upon thy emerald crown.”

A *simile*, or *comparison*, points out or expresses the resemblance of two or more objects, — as, for example, in the following illustration from Lesson IX :

“The Assyrian came down *like the wolf on the fold.*”

“And the sheen of their spears was *like stars on the sea.*”

“Hath melted *like snow in the glance of the Lord.*”

A *metaphor* is an abbreviated form of *simile* or *comparison* in which the likeness is no longer expressed, but assumed. In this figure the thing compared is no longer merely *like* the other ; it has *become* the other. Thus, “the Cæsar of our triumvirate.”

FIFTH BOOK.

PART II.

READINGS FROM WORLD-FAMOUS BOOKS.

I. TOM COMES HOME.

By GEORGE ELIOT.

The following two chapters are from "The Mill on the Floss," by George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans), probably the most distinguished woman novelist the world has known. She was born at Arbury farm, Warwickshire, England, Nov. 22, 1819, and died at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, Dec. 22, 1880. She accomplished an amount of work that excites our wonder, especially when its character and the study required in its preparation are considered. Her most popular works are "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "The Mill on the Floss," "Middlemarch," "Romola," and "Daniel Deronda."



GEORGE ELIOT.

PART I.

1. Tom was to arrive early in the afternoon, and there was another fluttering heart besides Maggie's when it was late enough for the sound of the gig-wheels to be expected; for if Mrs. Tulliver had a strong feeling, it was

fondness for her boy. At last the sound came—that quick light bowling of the gig-wheels—and in spite of the wind, which was blowing the clouds about, and was not likely to respect Mrs. Tulliver’s curls and cap-strings, she came outside the door and even held her hand on Maggie’s offending head, forgetting all the griefs of the morning.

2. “There he is, my sweet lad!” Mrs. Tulliver stood with her arms open; Maggie jumped first on one leg and then on the other; while Tom descended from the gig, and said, with masculine reticence as to the tender emotions, “Hallo! Yap—what! are you there?”

3. Nevertheless he submitted to be kissed willingly enough, though Maggie hung on his neck in rather a strangling fashion, while his blue eyes wandered toward the croft and the lambs and the river, where he promised himself he would begin to fish the first thing to-morrow morning. He was one of those lads that grow everywhere in England, and at twelve or thirteen years of age look as much alike as goslings,—a lad with light-brown hair, cheeks of cream and roses, full lips, indeterminate nose and eyebrows—a physiognomy in which it seems impossible to discern anything but the generic character of boyhood; as different as possible from poor Maggie’s phiz, which Nature seemed to have molded and colored with the most decided intention. But that same Nature has the deep cunning which hides itself under the appearance of openness, so that simple people think they can see through her quite well, and all the while she is secretly preparing a refutation of their confident prophecies.

Under these average boyish physiognomies that she seems to turn off by the gross, she conceals some of her most rigid, inflexible purposes, some of her most unmodifiable characters; and the dark-eyed, demonstrative, rebellious girl may after all turn out to be a passive being compared with this pink-and-white bit of masculinity with the indeterminate features.

4. "Maggie," said Tom, confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlor had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, "you don't know what I've got in my pockets," nodding his head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

5. "No," said Maggie. "How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marls [marbles] or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with her at those games — she played so badly.

6. "Marls! no; I've swopped all my marls with the little fellows, and cobnuts are no fun, you silly, only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

7. "What is it?" said Maggie, in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

8. "Why, it's — a — new — guess, Maggie!"

9. "Oh, I can't guess, Tom," said Maggie, impatiently.

10. "Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

11. "No, Tom," said Maggie, imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not

cross, Tom ; it was only because I can't bear guessing. Please be good to me."

12. Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fish line — two new uns — one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. I wouldn't go halves in the toffee and gingerbread on purpose to save the money; and Gibson and Spouncer fought with me because I wouldn't. And here's hooks; see here! — I say, won't we go and fish to-morrow down by the Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything — won't it be fun?"

13. Maggie's answer was to throw her arms around Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause :

14. "Wasn't I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I needn't have bought it, if I hadn't liked."

15. "Yes, very, very good — I do love you, Tom."

16. Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one, before he spoke again. "And the fellows fought me, because I wouldn't give in about the toffee."

17. "Oh, dear! I wish they wouldn't fight at your school, Tom. Didn't it hurt you?"

18. "Hurt me? no," said Tom, putting up the hooks again, taking out a large pocketknife, and slowly opening the largest blade, which he looked at meditatively as he rubbed his finger along it. Then he added — "I gave Spouncer a black eye, I know — that's what he got by

wanting to leather me; I wasn't going to go halves because anybody leathered me."

19. "Oh, how brave you are, Tom! I think you're like Samson. If there came a lion roaring at me, I think you'd fight him — wouldn't you, Tom?"

20. "How can a lion come roaring at you, you silly thing? There's no lions, only in the shows."

21. "No; but if we were in the lion countries — I mean in Africa, where it's very hot — the lions eat people there. I can show it to you in the book where I read it."

22. "Well, I should get a gun and shoot him."

23. "But if you hadn't got a gun — we might have gone out, you know, not thinking — just as we go fishing; and then a great lion might run toward us roaring, and we couldn't get away from him. What should you do, Tom?" Tom paused, and at last turned away contemptuously, saying, "But the lion isn't coming. What's the use of talking?"

24. "But I like to fancy how it would be," said Maggie, following him. "Just think what you would do, Tom."

25. "Oh, don't bother, Maggie! you're such a silly — I shall go and see my rabbits."

26. Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things — it was quite a different anger from her own. "Tom," she said, timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

27. "Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom, promptly.

28. "I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it to you."

29. "What for?" said Tom. "I don't want your money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man, and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

30. "Well, but, Tom—if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it?"

31. "More rabbits? I don't want any more."

32. "Oh, but, Tom, they're all dead."

33. Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round toward Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then, and Harry forgot," he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "I'll pitch into Harry—I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

34. "Yes, but I forgot—and I couldn't help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

35. "You're a naughty girl," said Tom, severely; "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish line. I don't love you."

36. "Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd

forgive you, if you forgot anything — I wouldn't mind what you did — I'd forgive you and love you."

37. "Yes, you're a silly—but I never do forget things—I don't."

38. "Oh, please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

39. Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, "Now, Maggie, you just listen. Aren't I a good brother to you?"

40. "Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsedly.

41. "Didn't I think about your fish line all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and wouldn't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't?"

42. "Ye-ye-es—and I—lo-lo-love you so, Tom."

43. "But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

44. "But I didn't mean," said Maggie; "I couldn't help it."

45. "Yes, you could," said Tom, "if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow." With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie toward the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain to him of Harry.

46. Maggie stood motionless, except for her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be — and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything, if Tom didn't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Hadn't she wanted to give him the money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom — had never meant to be naughty to him.

47. "Oh, he is cruel!" Maggie sobbed aloud, finding a wretched pleasure in the hollow resonance that came through the long empty space of the attic. She never thought of beating or grinding her fetish; she was too miserable to be angry. These bitter sorrows of childhood! when sorrow is all new and strange, when hope has not yet got wings to fly beyond the days and weeks, and the space from summer to summer seems measureless.

I. Definitions: (2) rět'icēņce, *refraining to speak of that which is suggested*; (3) erōft, *a small inclosed field adjoining a house, a small farm*; (3) phŷŝ I ōg'nō mŷ, *the face or countenance with respect to the temper of the mind*; (3) gē nēr'le, *pertaining to a genus or kind, relating to a genus as distinct from a species — as a generic name*; (3) In flēx'i-ble, *not to be changed, turned or altered*; (5) stōdġ'ŷ, *wet*; (5) eōb'nūts, *a game played by children with nuts, a name also for a variety of hazelnuts*; (12) tōf'fee, *taffy*; (23) eōn tēmp'tū ōūs lŷ, *scornfully, haughtily, disdainfully*; (39) pēr'ēmp tō rŷ, *not admitting of question or appeal*; (47) rēs'ō nançe, *the act of resounding*; (47) fē'tish, *any object to which one is excessively devoted*.

II. Notes: Wār'w'ick shīre, *a county in central England*. Chēl'sēa, *a populous suburb of London*.

III. Suggestions and Questions: Does Tom think more kindly of Maggie than he pretends? Why do you think so, if you do? Which would you rather have for a constant companion? Was Maggie's punishment greater than she merited? Is "I forgot" a good excuse? What does the last statement in paragraph 18 mean? What figure of speech in paragraph 19?

In reading this lesson, show the eager love of Maggie and the pretended indifference of Tom. There are three persons here: the author, Tom, and Maggie; and the voice and manner should tell any one who might be listening which person is represented.

II. TOM COMES HOME.

PART II.

1. Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea time, and they were all having their tea, and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself—hide herself behind the tub, and stay there all night; and then they would all be frightened, and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart, as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they didn't mind her being there. If she went down again to Tom now—would he forgive her?—perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part. But then she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down, if Tom didn't come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub; but then the need of being loved, the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature, began to wrestle with her pride, and soon threw it. She crept from behind

her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick footstep on the stairs.

2. Tom had been too much interested in his talk with Luke, in going the round of the premises, walking in and out where he pleased, and whittling sticks without any particular reason, except that he didn't whittle sticks at school, to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her. He meant to punish her, and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters, like a practical person. But when he had been called in to tea, his father said, "Why, where's the little wench?" and Mrs. Tulliver, almost at the same moment, said, "Where's your little sister?"—both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

3. "I don't know," said Tom. He didn't want to "tell" of Maggie, though he was angry with her; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honor.

4. "What! hasn't she been playing with you all this while?" said the father. "She'd been thinking of nothing but your coming home."

5. "I haven't seen her this two hours," says Tom, commencing on the plum cake.

6. "Goodness heart! She's got drowned!" exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window. "How could you let her do so?" she added, as became a fearful woman, accusing she didn't know whom of she didn't know what.

7. "Nay, nay, she's none drowned," said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, I doubt, Tom?"

8. "I'm sure I haven't, father," said Tom, indignantly. "I think she's in the house."

9. "Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, "a-singing and talking to herself, and forgetting all about meal times."

10. "You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, his perspicacity or his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad had been hard upon "the little un," else she would never have left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear? Else I'll let you know better."

11. Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a peremptory man, and, as he said, would never let anybody get hold of his whip-hand; but he went out rather sullenly, carrying his piece of plum cake, and not intending to reprove Maggie's punishment, which was no more than she deserved. Tom was only thirteen, and had no decided views in grammar and arithmetic, regarding them for the most part as open questions, but he was particularly clear and positive on one point—namely, that he would punish everybody who deserved it; why, he wouldn't have minded being punished himself, if he deserved it; but, then, he never did deserve it.

12. It was Tom's step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs, when her need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was going down with her swollen eyes and disheveled hair to beg for pity. At least her father would stroke her head and say, "Never mind, my wench." It is a wonderful subduer, this need of love,—this hunger of the heart,—as peremptory as that other hunger by

which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.

13. But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, "O Tom, please forgive me—I can't bear it—I will always be good—always remember things—do love me—please, dear Tom!"

14. We learn to restrain ourselves as we get older. We keep apart when we have quarreled, express ourselves in well-bred phrases, and in this way preserve a dignified alienation, showing much firmness on one side, and swallowing much grief on the other. We no longer approximate in our behavior to the mere impulsiveness of the lower animals, but conduct ourselves in every respect like members of a highly civilized society. Maggie and Tom were still very much like young animals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and kiss his ear in a random, sobbing way; and there were tender fibers in the lad that had been used to answer to Maggie's fondling; so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved; he actually began to kiss her in return, and say:

15. "Don't cry, then, Magsie—here, eat a bit o' cake." Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together, while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

16. "Come along, Magsie, and have tea," said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was downstairs. So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver-bonnet because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she accepted his word when he assured her that worms couldn't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it didn't much matter if they did). He knew all about worms and fish and those things, and what birds were mischievous, and how padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful—much more difficult than remembering what was in the books; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for he was the only person who called her knowledge "stuff," and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing; all girls were silly—they couldn't throw a stone so as to hit anything, couldn't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still, he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong.

17. They were on their way to the Round Pool—that wonderful pool which the floods had made a long while ago: no one knew how deep it was; and it was mysteri-

ous, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old favorite spot always heightened Tom's good humor, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amicable whispers, as he opened the precious basket and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, "Look, look, Maggie!" and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

18. Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual; but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large tench bouncing on the grass. Tom was excited. "O Magsie, you little duck! Empty the basket."

19. Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was pleased with her. There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustling, as if the willows and the reeds and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her; but she liked fishing very much.

20. It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life

would ever change much for them : they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays ; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming — the great chestnut tree under which they played at houses — their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water-rats, while Maggie gathered the purple plummy tops of the reeds, which she forgot and dropped afterward — above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing springtide, the awful Eagre, come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man — these things would always be just the same to them. Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot of the globe ; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing “the river over which there is no bridge,” always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.

21. Life did change for Tom and Maggie ; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it — if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lipping to ourselves on the grass — the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows — the same redbreasts that we used to call “God’s birds,” because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet mo-

notony where everything is known, and loved because it is known?

22. The wood I walk in on this mild May day, with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and the ground ivy at my feet — what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petaled blossoms, could ever thrill such deep and delicate fibers within me as this home scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky, with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedge-rows — such things as these are the mother tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle inextricable associations the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them. Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years which still live in us, and transform our perception into love.

I. Definitions: (1) fětch, *go and bring*; (1) rěš ō lū'tion, *a settled purpose*; (1) In tēn'sī tŷ, *extreme degree*; (2) wěnch, *a young lady, a maiden, a girl*; (10) pěr spī eăç'ī tŷ, *acuteness of insight*; (11) pŭn'ishment, *pain, physical or mental, inflicted upon an offender, under authority*; (14) āl ien ā'tion, *a withdrawing, as of the affections*; (14) ăp prōx'ī-māte, *draw near, approach*; (14) răn'dôm, *without aim or purpose*; (14) ĩn pŭl'sīve nĕss, *the quality of being thoughtless in action or speech*; (15) hŭ ml'l'ī āt ĩng, *reducing to a lower position in one's own eyes, or in the eyes of others*; (17) mŷs tē'rī ōŭs, *obscure, not revealed or explained*; (17) ăm'ī eă ble, *friendly, after the manner of friends*; (18) tĕnch, *a European fresh-water fish allied to the carp*; (20) ēa'gre (gĕr), *a*

wave, or two or three successive waves, of great height and violence, at flood tide moving up an estuary or river; (21) hips, fruit of the English dog-rose; (21) haws, fruit of the hawthorn; (22) ea pri'cious (-pri'sh'üs), apt to change suddenly, freakish.

II. Questions and Suggestions: What is it "to hold the whip-hand"? How does "in" in "intensity" differ from the same in "inflexible"? Had Tom the right to punish Maggie? Is it dishonorable "to tell on" one who has committed a wrong? If so, is it wrong to testify against a criminal? Do you think better of Tom at the close of the second lesson than you did at the close of the first? If you do, write out your reasons for changing your mind.

III. A CONFIDENCE GAME.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Of the prose of Oliver Goldsmith it has been written, "whether it was for a suit of clothes or for immortality, it was all of a piece, inimitable." "The Vicar of Wakefield," his only prose story, the work from which the following selection is taken, was written in 1762, but was not published till 1766. In youth, Goldsmith promised badly,—in truth, he always promised badly; but he performed magnificently when he had a pen in his hand. He left unfinished, "A History of Animated Nature," a work meant to be scientific; but it reads, as Johnson says, like a Persian tale. It isn't science, but it is charming reading. "Goldsmith's poems are the best of their kind, better than all but the best in other kinds;" and his comic drama



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"The Good-natured Man," is one of the most popular plays of to-day. Goldsmith was born at Pallas, County Longford, Ireland, Nov. 10, 1728, lived in comfort sometimes, oftener in misery, and died abjectly poor, through thoughtless generosity, in London, April 4, 1774. To have reached manhood or womanhood and not made the acquaintance of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is to prove one's self unread.

1. When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place, and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now.

2. Even in bed, my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."

3. "Pretty well," cried I, not knowing what to say.

4. "What! only pretty well!" returned she. "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day; and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly, so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did well for my children there?"

5. "Ay," returned I, not knowing what to think of the matter, "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity; for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy.

6. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme, and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This, at first, I opposed stoutly; but it was as stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonists gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

7. As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

8. As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair, trimming his hair, brushing

his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth which they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of a gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck ! good luck !" till we could see him no longer.

9. He was scarcely gone, when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

10. Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed with a card for my daughters, imparting that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that, after a few previous inquiries, they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great ; but when once one gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket, and gave the messenger sevenpence-halfpenny.

11. This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He

brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the by. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behavior was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communicating our happiness to him, and asking his advice; although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it.

12. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy, when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves."

13. "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question; though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall.

14. "Never mind our son," cried my wife, "depend

upon it, he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing — but, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

15. As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?"

16. "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.

17. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know, but where is the horse?"

18. "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence."

19. "Well done, my good boy," returned she, "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then."

20. "I have brought no money," cried Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases."

21. "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"

22. "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

23. "A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money, at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."

24. "You need be in no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims; for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."

25. "What," cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!"

26. "No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."

27. "And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

28. "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."

29. "Marry, hang the idiot," returned she, "to bring me such stuff. If I had them, I would throw them in the fire."

30. "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

31. By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed

upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell.

32. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

I. Definitions: (4) *En' tre nous* (än'trä nõ), *between ourselves, in confidence*; (7) *hōtōt*, *to stand out for a small advantage in buying or selling*; (8) *dēal*, *made of boards*; (8) *gōs'ling*, *a young or unfledged goose*—its down is of a pale green color, hence the term "gosling green"; (10) *prē'viōus*, *going before in time*; (12) *dif'fi dençe*, *the state of being distrustful, want of confidence*—this use of the word is not now common; (13) *rēp ār tee'*, *a smart, ready, and witty reply*; (20) *shā green'*, *made of or covered with a sort of untanned leather*; (21) *pāl'trŷ*, *mean, trifling, worthless*; (31) *prowl'ing*, *roving or wandering stealthily, especially for prey*.

II. Suggestions on expressive reading: The above selection is admirably adapted to bringing out the elocutionary powers of the pupils. The quiet delivery of the vicar, the vehemence and varying passion of his wife, and the courtly address of Burchell give ample occasion for drill in tones, cadences, and inflections. It is suggested that pupils be chosen by pairs to carry on the dialogue, omitting all the words not quoted—thus making it dramatic. It is well to insist upon a distinction between the utterance of the words of the per-

son speaking, and those of the author's explanations. To put the vehemence of the mother in "Marry, hang the idiot" into "returned she," mars both sense and harmony. Illustrate in reading this lesson the following rule: "**The last word of an explanatory expression takes the same inflection as the last word before it.**"

"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt." — "Marry, hang the idiot," returned she. — "There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I. — "I have brought you myself," cried Moses.

IV. MAY AND NOVEMBER.

FROM CHAPTER V OF "THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES,"
BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

1. Phoebe Pyncheon slept, on the night of her arrival, in a chamber that looked down on the garden of the old house. It fronted towards the east, so that at a very seasonable hour a glow of crimson light came flooding through the window, and bathed the dingy ceiling and paper-hangings in its own hue. There were curtains to Phoebe's bed; a dark, antique canopy, and ponderous festoons, of a stuff which had been rich, and even magnificent, in its time; but which now brooded over the girl like a cloud, making a night in that one corner, while elsewhere it was beginning to be day.

2. The morning light, however, soon stole into the aperture at the foot of the bed, betwixt those faded curtains. Finding the new guest there, — with a bloom on her cheeks like the morning's own, and a gentle stir of departing slumber in her limbs, as when an early breeze moves the foliage, — the dawn kissed her brow. It was

the caress which a dewy maiden — such as the Dawn is, immortally — gives to her sleeping sister, partly from the impulse of irresistible fondness, and partly as a pretty hint that it is time now to unclothe her eyes.

3. At the touch of those lips of light, Phœbe quietly awoke, and, for a moment, did not recognize where she was, nor how those heavy curtains chanced to be festooned around her. Nothing, indeed, was absolutely plain to her, except that it was now early morning, and that, whatever might happen next, it was proper, first of all, to get up and say her prayers. She was the more inclined to devotion, from the grim aspect of the chamber and its furniture, especially the tall, stiff chairs ; one of which stood close by her bedside, and looked as if some old-fashioned personage had been sitting there all night, and had vanished only just in season to escape discovery.

4. When Phœbe was quite dressed, she peeped out of the window, and saw a rosebush in the garden. Being a very tall one, and of luxuriant growth, it had been propped up against the side of the house, and was literally covered with a rare and very beautiful species of white rose. A large portion of them, as the girl afterwards discovered, had blight or mildew at their hearts ; but, viewed at a fair distance, the whole rosebush looked as if it had been brought from Eden that very summer, together with the mold in which it grew.

5. The truth was, nevertheless, that it had been planted by Alice Pyncheon, — she was Phœbe's great-great-grand-aunt, — in soil which, reckoning only its cultivation as a garden plot, was now unctuous with

nearly two hundred years of vegetable decay. Growing as they did, however, out of the old earth, the flowers still sent a fresh and sweet incense up to their Creator; nor could it have been the less pure and acceptable, because Phœbe's young breath mingled with it, as the fragrance floated past the window. Hastening down the creaking and carpetless staircase, she found her way into the garden, gathered some of the most perfect of the roses, and brought them to her chamber.

6. Little Phœbe was one of those persons who possess, as their exclusive patrimony, the gift of practical arrangement. It is a kind of natural magic that enables these favored ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them; and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home. A wild hut of underbrush, tossed together by wayfarers through the primitive forest, would acquire the home aspect by one night's lodging of such a woman, and would retain it long after her quiet figure had disappeared into the surrounding shade. No less a portion of such homely witchcraft was requisite to reclaim, as it were, Phœbe's waste, cheerless, and dusky chamber, which had been untenanted so long — except by spiders, and mice, and rats, and ghosts — that it was all overgrown with the desolation which watches to obliterate every trace of man's happier hours.

7. What was precisely Phœbe's process we find it impossible to say. She appeared to have no preliminary design, but gave a touch here, and another there; brought

some articles of furniture to light, and dragged others into the shadow; looped up or let down a window curtain; and, in the course of half an hour, had fully succeeded in throwing a kindly and hospitable smile over the apartment. No longer ago than the night before, it had resembled nothing so much as the old maid's heart; for there was neither sunshine nor household fire in one nor the other, and, save for ghosts and ghostly reminiscences, not a guest, for many years gone by, had entered the heart or the chamber.

8. There was still another peculiarity of this inscrutable charm. The bedchamber, no doubt, was a chamber of very great and varied experience, as a scene of human life: the joy of bridal nights had throbbed itself away here; new immortals had first drawn earthly breath here; and here old people had died. But—whether it were the white roses, or whatever the subtile influence might be—a person of delicate instinct would have known, at once, that it was now a maiden's bedchamber, and had been purified of all former evil and sorrow by her sweet breath and happy thoughts. Her dreams of the past night, being such cheerful ones, had exorcised the gloom, and now haunted the chamber in its stead.

9. After arranging matters to her satisfaction, Phœbe emerged from her chamber, with a purpose to descend again into the garden. Besides the rosebush, she had observed several other species of flowers, growing there in a wilderness of neglect, and obstructing one another's development (as is often the parallel case in human society) by their uneducated entanglement and confusion.

10. At the head of the stairs, however, she met Hepzibah, who, it being still early, invited her into a room which she would probably have called her boudoir, had her education embraced any such French phrase. It was strewn about with a few old books, and a workbasket, and a dusty writing-desk; and had, on one side, a large, black article of furniture, of very strange appearance, which the old gentlewoman told Phœbe was a harpsichord. It looked more like a coffin than anything else; and, indeed,—not having been played upon, or opened, for years,—there must have been a vast deal of dead music in it, stifled for want of air. Human finger was hardly known to have touched its chords since the days of Alice Pyncheon, who had learned the sweet accomplishment of melody in Europe.

11. Hepzibah bade her young guest sit down, and, herself taking a chair near by, looked as earnestly at Phœbe's trim little figure as if she expected to see right into its springs and motive secrets. "Cousin Phœbe," said she, at last, "I really can't see my way clear to keep you with me."

12. These words, however, had not the inhospitable bluntness with which they may strike the reader; for the two relatives, in a talk before bedtime, had arrived at a certain degree of mutual understanding. Hepzibah knew enough to enable her to appreciate the circumstances (resulting from the second marriage of the girl's mother) which made it desirable for Phœbe to establish herself in another home. Nor did she misinterpret Phœbe's character, and the genial activity pervading it,

—one of the most valuable traits of the true New England woman, — which had impelled her forth, as might be said, to seek her fortune, but with a self-respecting purpose to confer as much benefit as she could anywise receive. As one of her nearest kindred, she had naturally betaken herself to Hepzibah, with no idea of forcing herself on her cousin's protection, but only for a visit of a week or two, which might be indefinitely extended, should it prove for the happiness of both.

13. To Hepzibah's blunt observation, therefore, Phœbe replied, as frankly, and more cheerfully. "Dear cousin, I cannot tell how it will be," said she. "But I really think we may suit one another much better than you suppose."

14. "You are a nice girl, — I see it plainly," continued Hepzibah; "and it is not any question as to that point which makes me hesitate. But, Phœbe, this house of mine is but a melancholy place for a young person to be in. It lets in the wind and rain, and the snow, too, in the garret and upper chambers, in winter time, but it never lets in the sunshine. And as for myself, you see what I am, — a dismal and lonesome old woman (for I begin to call myself old, Phœbe), whose temper, I am afraid, is none of the best, and whose spirits are as bad as can be. I cannot make your life pleasant, Cousin Phœbe, neither can I so much as give you bread to eat."

15. "You will find me a cheerful little body," answered Phœbe, smiling, and yet with a kind of gentle dignity; "and I mean to earn my bread. You know I have not been brought up a Pyncheon. A girl learns many things in a New England village."

16. "Ah! Phœbe," said Hepzibah, sighing, "your knowledge would do but little for you here! And then it is a wretched thought that you should fling away your young days in a place like this. Those cheeks would not be so rosy after a month or two. Look at my face!"—and, indeed, the contrast was very striking,—“you see how pale I am! It is my idea that the dust and continual decay of these old houses are unwholesome for the lungs.”

17. "There is the garden,—the flowers to be taken care of," observed Phœbe. "I should keep myself healthy with exercise in the open air."

18. "And, after all, child," exclaimed Hepzibah, suddenly rising, as if to dismiss the subject, "it is not for me to say who shall be a guest or inhabitant of the old Pyncheon house. Its master is coming."

19. "Do you mean Judge Pyncheon?" asked Phœbe, in surprise.

20. "Judge Pyncheon!" answered her cousin, angrily. "He will hardly cross the threshold while I live! No, no! But, Phœbe, you shall see the face of him I speak of."

21. She went in quest of the miniature already described, and returned with it in her hand. Giving it to Phœbe, she watched her features narrowly, and with a certain jealousy as to the mode in which the girl would show herself affected by the picture.

22. "How do you like the face?" asked Hepzibah.

23. "It is handsome!—it is very beautiful!" said Phœbe, admiringly. "It is as sweet a face as a man's

can be, or ought to be. It has something of a child's expression,—and yet not childish,—only one feels so very kindly towards him! He ought never to suffer anything. One would bear much for the sake of sparing him toil or sorrow. Who is it, Cousin Hepzibah?"

24. "Did you never hear," whispered her cousin, bending towards her, "of Clifford Pyncheon?"

25. "Never! I thought there were no Pyncheons left, except yourself and our cousin Jaffrey," answered Phœbe. "And yet I seem to have heard the name of Clifford Pyncheon. Yes!—from my father, or my mother; but has he not been a long while dead?"

26. "Well, well, child, perhaps he has!" said Hepzibah, with a sad, hollow laugh; "but, in old houses like this, you know, dead people are very apt to come back again! We shall see. And, Cousin Phœbe, since, after all that I have said, your courage does not fail you, we will not part so soon. You are welcome, my child, for the present, to such a home as your kinswoman can offer you."

27. With this measured, but not exactly cold assurance of a hospitable purpose, Hepzibah kissed her cheek. They now went below stairs, where Phœbe—not so much assuming the office as attracting it to herself, by the magnetism of innate fitness—took the most active part in preparing breakfast. The mistress of the house, meanwhile, as is usual with persons of her stiff and unmalleable cast, stood mostly aside; willing to lend her aid, yet conscious that her natural inaptitude would be likely to impede the business in hand.

28. Phœbe, and the fire that boiled the teakettle, were equally bright, cheerful, and efficient, in their respective offices. Hepzibah gazed forth from her habitual sluggishness, the necessary result of long solitude, as from another sphere. She could not help being interested, however, and even amused, at the readiness with which her new inmate adapted herself to the circumstances, and brought the house, moreover, and all its rusty appliances, into a suitableness for her purposes. Whatever she did, too, was done without conscious effort, and with frequent outbreaks of song, which were exceedingly pleasant to the ear.

29. This natural tunefulness made Phœbe seem like a bird in a shadowy tree ; or conveyed the idea that the stream of life warbled through her heart as a brook sometimes warbles through a pleasant little dell. It betokened the cheeriness of an active temperament, finding joy in its activity, and, therefore, rendering it beautiful ; it was a New England trait, — the stern old stuff of Puritanism with a gold thread in the web.

30. Hepzibah brought out some old silver spoons with the family crest upon them, and a china tea set painted over with grotesque figures of man, bird, and beast, in as grotesque a landscape. These pictured people were odd humorists, in a world of their own, — a world of vivid brilliancy, so far as color went, and still unfaded, although the teapot and small cups were as ancient as the custom itself of tea-drinking.

31. "Your great-great-great-great-grandmother had these cups, when she was married," said Hepzibah to

Phœbe. "She was a Davenport, of a good family. They were almost the first teacups ever seen in the colony ; and if one of them were to be broken, my heart would break with it. But it is nonsense to speak so about a brittle teacup, when I remember what my heart has gone through without breaking."

32. The cups — not having been used, perhaps, since Hepzibah's youth — had contracted no small burden of dust, which Phœbe washed away with so much care and delicacy as to satisfy even the proprietor of this invaluable china.

33. "What a nice little housewife you are !" exclaimed the latter, smiling, and, at the same time, frowning so prodigiously that the smile was sunshine under a thunder-cloud. "Do you do other things as well? Are you as good at your book as you are at washing teacups?"

34. "Not quite, I am afraid," said Phœbe, laughing at the form of Hepzibah's question. "But I was school-mistress for the little children in our district last summer, and might have been so still."

35. "Ah ! 'tis all very well !" observed the maiden lady, drawing herself up. "But these things must have come to you with your mother's blood. I never knew a Pyncheon that had any turn for them."

36. It is very queer, but not the less true, that people are generally quite as vain, or even more so, of their deficiencies, than of their available gifts ; as was Hepzibah of this native inapplicability, so to speak, of the Pyncheons to any useful purpose. She regarded it as an hereditary trait ; and so, perhaps, it was, but, unfortu-

nately, a morbid one, such as is often generated in families that remain long above the surface of society.

37. Before they left the breakfast table, the shop-bell rang sharply, and Hepzibah set down the remnant of her final cup of tea, with a look of sallow despair that was truly piteous to behold. In cases of distasteful occupation, the second day is generally worse than the first ; we return to the rack with all the soreness of the preceding torture in our limbs. At all events, Hepzibah had fully satisfied herself of the impossibility of ever becoming wonted to this peevishly obstreperous little bell. Ring as often as it might, the sound always smote upon her nervous system rudely and suddenly. And especially now, while, with her crested teaspoons and antique china, she was flattering herself with ideas of gentility, she felt an unspeakable disinclination to confront a customer.

38. "Do not trouble yourself, dear cousin!" cried Phœbe, starting lightly up. "I am shop keeper to-day."

39. "You, child!" exclaimed Hepzibah. "What can a little country-girl know of such matters?"

40. "Oh, I have done all the shopping for the family at our village store," said Phœbe. "And I have had a table at a fancy fair, and made better sales than anybody. These things are not to be learnt ; they depend upon a knack that comes, I suppose," added she, smiling, "with one's mother's blood. You shall see that I am as nice a little saleswoman as I am a housewife !"

I. Definitions: (1) *ăn tique'* (-tēk'), *old, of old fashion or design* ; (1) *fēs tōōn'*, *a garland or wreath hanging in a depending curve, any-*

thing arranged in this way; (5) ŭn'e'tū ōŭs, of the nature or quality of an ointment, fatty, oily; (6) păt'ri mō nŷ, what one inherits from one's father or from one's parents; (7) prē lim'i nă rŷ, preceding the main business, prefatory; (7) rēm i nŷs'çençe, the act of recalling experience, that which is recalled to mind; (10) bou doir' (bōō dwōr'), a lady's private room; (21) ăf fēet'ēd, influenced or moved, as of the feelings or passions, — "to affect" is to influence, "to effect" is to produce a result; (32) In văl'ŭ â ble, beyond price, precious; (37) ōb strēp'ēr ōŭs, attended by or making a loud noise, clamorous.

II. Suggestions: This chapter furnishes an excellent opportunity for drill in the *proper grouping* of words. Hardly anything helps more to the understanding of the listener than the grouping, on the part of the reader, of words that belong together. Up to the eleventh paragraph it is quiet description, and should be read smoothly and in a gentle voice — no passion, no excitement. In the dialogue, distinguish between the cheeriness of Phœbe and the chronic dolefulness of Hepzibah, but don't neglect the flash of anger when Judge Pyncheon is named. An uncle of Jaffrey (now Judge) and of Clifford, who are cousins, died under circumstances that led to the belief that murder had been committed. Partly by silence and partly by innuendo, Jaffrey fastened the crime upon Clifford (though he himself was present at the death with criminal purpose), and for long, long years Clifford has been in a penitentiary. The term of his sentence is now at an end, and he is on his way home.

This is one of the greatest books of one of America's greatest novelists. The eighteenth chapter of this book is remarkable for giving eighteen pages of description to a thing which is not named at all.

V. THE NORMANS IN ENGLAND.

FROM CHAPTER I OF "IVANHOE," BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1. In that pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest, covering the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and

the pleasant town of Doncaster. The remains of this extensive wood are still to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wharnccliffe Park, and around Rotherham. Here haunted of yore the fabulous Dragon of Wantley ; here were fought many of the most desperate battles during the Civil Wars of the Roses ; and here also flourished in ancient times those bands of gallant outlaws, whose deeds have been rendered so popular in English song.

2. Such being our chief scene, the date of our story refers to a period toward the end of the reign of Richard the First, when his return from his long captivity had become an event rather wished than hoped for by his despairing subjects, who were in the meantime subjected to every species of subordinate oppression.

3. The nobles whose power had become exorbitant during the reign of Stephen, and whom the prudence of Henry the Second had scarce reduced into some degree of subjection to the Crown, had now resumed their ancient license in its utmost extent ; despising the feeble interference of the English Council of State, fortifying their castles, increasing the number of their dependents, reducing all around them to a state of vassalage, and striving by every means in their power, to place themselves each at the head of such forces as might enable him to make a figure in the national convulsions which appeared to be impending.

4. The situation of the inferior gentry, or Franklins, as they were called, who, by the law and spirit of the English constitution, were entitled to hold themselves independent of feudal tyranny, became now unusually

precarious. If, as was most generally the case, they placed themselves under the protection of any of the petty kings in their vicinity, accepted of feudal offices in his household, or bound themselves, by mutual treaties of alliance and protection, to support him in his enterprises, they might indeed purchase temporary repose ; but it must be with the sacrifice of that independence which was so dear to every English bosom, and at the certain hazard of being involved as a party in whatever rash expedition the ambition of their protector might lead him to undertake.

5. On the other hand, such and so multiplied were the means of vexation and oppression possessed by the great Barons, that they never wanted the pretext, and seldom the will, to harass and pursue, even to the very edge of destruction, any of their less powerful neighbors, who attempted to separate themselves from their authority, and to trust for their protection, during the dangers of the times, to their own inoffensive conduct, and to the laws of the land.

6. A circumstance which greatly tended to enhance the tyranny of the nobility, and the sufferings of the inferior classes, arose from the consequences of the Conquest by Duke William of Normandy. Four generations had not sufficed to blend the hostile blood of the Normans and Anglo-Saxons, or to unite, by common language and mutual interests, two hostile races, one of which still felt the elation of triumph, while the other groaned under all the consequences of defeat. The power had been completely placed in the hands of the Norman nobility by the

event of the battle of Hastings, and it had been used, as our histories assure us, with no moderate hand.

7. The whole race of Saxon princes and nobles had been extirpated or disinherited, with few or no exceptions ; nor were the numbers great who possessed land in the country of their fathers, even as proprietors of the second, or of yet inferior classes. The royal policy had long been to weaken, by every means, legal or illegal, the strength of a part of the population which was justly considered as nourishing the most inveterate antipathy to their victor.

8. All the monarchs of the Norman race had shown the most marked predilection for their Norman subjects ; the laws of the chase, and many others equally unknown to the milder and more free spirit of the Saxon constitution, had been fixed upon the necks of the subjugated inhabitants, to add weight, as it were, to the feudal chains with which they were loaded. At court, and in the castles of the great nobles, where the pomp and state of a court was emulated, Norman-French was the only language employed ; in courts of law, the pleadings and judgments were delivered in the same tongue.

9. In short, French was the language of honor, of chivalry, and even of justice, while the far more manly and expressive Anglo-Saxon was abandoned to the use of rustics and hinds, who knew no other. Still, however, the necessary intercourse between the lords of the soil, and those oppressed inferior beings by whom that soil was cultivated, occasioned the gradual formation of a dialect, compounded between the French and the Anglo-Saxon, in

which they could render themselves mutually intelligible to each other; and from this necessity arose by degrees the structure of our present English language, in which the speech of the victors and the vanquished has been so happily blended together; and which has since been so richly improved by importations from the classical languages, and from those spoken by the southern nations of Europe.

10. This state of things I have thought it necessary to premise for the information of the general reader, who might be apt to forget, that, although no great historical events, such as war or insurrection, mark the existence of the Anglo-Saxons as a separate people subsequent to the reign of William the Second; yet the great national distinctions betwixt them and their conquerors, the recollection of what they had formerly been, and to what they were now reduced, continued, down to the reign of Edward the Third to keep open the wounds which the Conquest had inflicted, and to maintain a line of separation betwixt the descendants of the victor Normans and the vanquished Saxons.

I. Definitions: (3) *ěx ôr'бі tant*, excessive, going beyond appointed limits; (3) *vās' sal āge*, political servitude, subjection; (4) *prē eā'ri ōūs*, uncertain, liable to be lost at the pleasure of another; (7) *ěx'tīr pā tēd*, plucked up by the stem or root, wholly destroyed; (7) *ān tīp'ā thŷ*, a feeling against, hatred; (8) *prē dī lēe' tion*, a predisposition to choose or like, partiality; (8) *ēm'ū lā tēd*, imitated with a view to outdo, vied with.

II. Suggestions: It is of inestimable value to the student to fix the place and the time of things worth remembering. The habit of consulting maps and cyclopedias should be acquired. Every place should be located with reference to the home of the reader, and on every map drawn this should be indicated in the beginning.

VI. THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Marie Hugo, poet, dramatist, novelist, statesman, and peer of France, was born Feb. 26, 1802, at Besançon, France, and died at Paris, May 22, 1885. He is the greatest of all French poets, and is counted by critics one of the four immortals, — Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe being the others. His earliest writings were odes and ballads, and at the age of twenty he published his first volume under that title. As a lyric poet, Hugo is unequaled, and his dramas are beyond praise. His greatest drama is probably "Hernani" (hă'r nă'ně); his greatest romance is surely "Les Mi-



VICTOR HUGO.

sér a bles' " (lă mē zēr ä bl'), the work from which this lesson is taken. It is one of the immortal books, and one must not fail to give it a careful study when his mind shall be ready for it. Victor Hugo was a champion of liberty, and a foe to oppression.

1. The battle of Waterloo is an enigma. It is as obscure to those who won it as to him who lost it. To Napoleon it is a panic; Blucher sees in it only fire; Wellington comprehends nothing of it. Look at the reports. The bulletins are confused, the commentaries are foggy. The former stammer, the latter falter. . . .

2. A day of lightnings, — indeed, the downfall of the

military monarchy, which, to the great amazement of kings, has dragged with it all kingdoms, — the fall of force, the overthrow of war. In this event, bearing the impress of superhuman necessity, man's part is nothing.

3. Does taking away Waterloo from Wellington and from Blucher, detract anything from England and Germany? No. Neither illustrious England nor august Germany is in question in the problem of Waterloo. Thank heaven, nations are great aside from the dismal chances of the sword. Neither Germany, nor England, nor France, is held in a scabbard.

4. At this day when Waterloo is only a clicking of sabers, above Blucher, Germany has Goethe, and above Wellington, England has Byron. A vast uprising of ideas is peculiar to our century, and in this aurora England and Germany have a magnificent share. They are majestic because they think. The higher plane which they bring to civilization is intrinsic to them; it comes from themselves, and not from an accident. The advancement which they have made in the nineteenth century does not spring from Waterloo. It is only barbarous nations who have a sudden growth after a victory. It is the fleeting vanity of the streamlet swelled by the storm.

5. Civilized nations, especially in our times, are not exalted nor abased by the good or bad fortune of a captain. Their specific gravity in the human race results from something more than a combat. Their honor, thank God, their dignity, their light, their genius, are not numbers that heroes and conquerors, those gamblers, can cast into the lottery of battles. Oftentimes a battle lost is progress

attained. Less glory, more liberty. The drum is silent, reason speaks. It is the game at which he who loses gains. Let us speak, then, coolly of Waterloo on both sides. Let us render unto Fortune the things that are Fortune's, and unto God the things that are God's.

6. What is Waterloo? A victory? No. A prize? A prize won by Europe, paid by France. It was not much to put a lion there.

7. Waterloo, moreover, is the strangest encounter in history. Napoleon and Wellington: they are not enemies, they are opposites. Never has God, who takes pleasure in antitheses, made a more striking contrast and a more extraordinary meeting.

8. On one side, precision, foresight, geometry, prudence, retreat assured, reserves economized, obstinate composure, imperturbable method, strategy to profit by the ground, tactics to balance battalions, carnage drawn to the line was directed watch in hand, nothing left voluntarily to chance, ancient classic courage, absolute correctness; on the other, intuition, inspiration, a military marvel, a superhuman instinct; a flashing glance, a mysterious something which gazes like the eagle and strikes like the thunderbolt, prodigious art in disdainful impetuosity, all the mysteries of a deep soul, intimacy with Destiny; river, plain, forest, hill commanded, and in some sort forced to obey, the despot going even so far as to tyrannize over the battlefield; faith in a star joined to strategic science, increasing it, but disturbing it. Wellington was the Barrême of war, Napoleon was its Michael Angelo, and this time genius was vanquished by calculation.

9. On both sides they were expecting somebody. It was the exact calculator who succeeded. Napoleon expected Grouchy ; he did not come. Wellington expected Blucher; he came.

10. Wellington is classic war taking her revenge. Bonaparte, in his dawn, had met her in Italy, and defeated her superbly. The old owl fled before the young vulture. Ancient tactics had been not only thunder-struck, but had received mortal offense. What was this Corsican of twenty-six? What meant this brilliant novice, who, having everything against him, nothing for him, with no provisions, no munitions, no cannon, no shoes, almost without an army, with a handful of men against multitudes, rushed upon allied Europe, and absurdly gained victories that were impossible?

11. Whence came this thundering madman who, almost without taking breath, and with the same set of the combatants in hand, pulverized one after the other the five armies of the Emperor of Germany? Who was this newcomer in war with the confidence of destiny? The academic military school excommunicated him as it ran away. Thence an implacable hatred of the old system of war against the new, of the correct saber against the flashing sword, and of the checkerboard against genius. . . .

12. Waterloo is a battle of the first rank won by a captain of the second. What is truly admirable in the battle of Waterloo is England,—English firmness, English resolution, English blood ; the superb thing which England had there—may it not displease her—is herself. It is not her captain, it is her army.

13. Wellington, strangely ungrateful, declared in a letter to Lord Bathurst, that his army, the army that fought on the 18th of June, 1815, was a "detestable army." What does this dark assemblage of bones buried beneath the furrows of Waterloo think of that?

14. England has been too modest in regard to Wellington. To make Wellington so great is to belittle England. Wellington is but a hero like the rest. These Scotch Grays; these Horse Guards; these regiments of Maitland and of Mitchell; this infantry of Pack and Kempt; this cavalry of Ponsonby and of Somerset; these Highlanders playing the bagpipe under the storm of grape; these battalions of Rylandt; these raw recruits who hardly knew how to handle a musket, holding out against the veteran bands of Essling and Rivoli, — all that is grand.

15. Wellington was tenacious; that was his merit, and we do not undervalue it, but the least of his foot soldiers or his horsemen was quite as firm as he. The iron soldier is as good as the Iron Duke. For our part, all our glorification goes to the English soldier, the English army, the English people. If trophy there be, to England the trophy is due. The Waterloo column would be more just if, instead of the figure of a man, it lifted to the clouds the statue of a nation.

16. But this great England will be offended at what we say here. She has still, after her 1688 and our 1789, the feudal illusion. She believes in hereditary right and in the hierarchy. This people, surpassed by none in might and glory, esteems itself as a nation, not as a people. So much so that as a people they subordinate themselves will-

ingly and take a lord for a head. Workmen, they submit to be despised ; soldiers, they submit to be whipped. We remember that at the battle of Inkerman a sergeant who, as it appeared, had saved the army, could not be mentioned by Lord Raglan, the English military hierarchy not permitting any hero below the rank of officer to be spoken of in a report.

17. What we admire above all in an encounter like that of Waterloo, is the prodigious skill of fortune. The night's rain, the wall of Hougomont, the sunken road of Ohain, Grouchy deaf to cannon, Napoleon's guide who deceives him, Bulow's guide who leads him right ; all this cataclysm is wonderfully carried out.

18. Taken as a whole, let us say, Waterloo was more of a massacre than a battle. Of all the great battles, Waterloo is that which has the shortest line in proportion to the number engaged. Napoleon, two miles, Wellington, a mile and a half ; 72,000 men on each side. From this density came the carnage.

19. The calculation has been made and this proportion established : Loss of men at Austerlitz, — French, fourteen per cent. ; Russians, thirty per cent. ; Austrians, forty-four per cent. At Wagram, — French, thirteen per cent. ; Austrians, fourteen. At Moscow, — French, thirty-seven per cent. ; Russians, forty-four. At Waterloo, — French, fifty-six per cent. ; allies, thirty-one. Average for Waterloo, — forty-one per cent. ; 144,000 men ; 60,000 dead.

20. The field of Waterloo to-day has that calm which belongs to the earth, impassive support of man ; it resembles any other plain. At night, however, a sort of vision-

ary mist arises from it, and if some traveler be walking there, if he looks, if he listens, if he dreams like Virgil in the fatal plain of Philippi, he becomes possessed by the hallucination of the disaster.

21. The terrible 18th of June is again before him ; the artificial hill of the monument fades away, this lion, whatever it be, is dispelled ; the field of battle resumes its reality ; the lines of infantry undulate in the plain, furious gallops traverse the horizon ; the bewildered dreamer sees the flash of sabers, the glistening of bayonets, the bursting of shells, the awful intermingling of the thunders ; he hears, like a death rattle from the depths of a tomb, the vague clamor of the phantom battle ; these shadows are grenadiers ; these gleams are cuirassiers ; this skeleton is Napoleon ; that skeleton is Wellington ; all this is unreal, and yet it clashes and combats ; and the ravines run red, and the trees shiver, and there is fury even in the clouds, and, in the darkness, all those savage heights appear confusedly crowned with whirlwinds of specters exterminating each other.

I. Definitions : (1) ê nīg'mā, *an action or a thing which cannot be satisfactorily explained* ; (4) ău rō'rā, *the rising light of the morning* ; (7) ăn tīth'ê sīs, *opposition, contrast*, — “the prodigal robs his heir ; the miser robs himself” ; (10) elās'sīe, *of, or relating to, the highest authority* ; (11) ĩm plā'cā ble, *not to be appeased, relentless, unyielding* ; (15) tē nā'cious, *holding stoutly to one's purpose* ; (15) trō'phŷ, *any memorial of victory or conquest* ; (16) hī'ēr āreh ŷ, *a body of officials of different ranks or orders* ; (17) eăt'ā elŷgm, *a sweeping flood of water, a deluge* ; (20) hăl lū çī nā'tion, *a wandering of the mind, error, mistake* ; (21) grĕn ā diēr', *a member of a special regiment or corps* ; (21) cui rās siēr' (kwē-), *a soldier armed with a cuirass, or breastplate*.

II. Notes : The battlefield of Waterloo is near the village of that name, which is located some ten miles south of Brussels, Belgium. On June 18, 1815, the allied British, Dutch, and German forces, under the Duke of Wellington, and the Prussians under Blücher, won a most decisive victory over the French under Napoleon. The rout was so complete and the disaster to Napoleon so decisive, that "Waterloo" has become a synonym for a final and deciding blow.

(9) Grouchy (Grōō shē') was a French marshal who commanded a detached force in the Waterloo campaign. He defeated a part of Blücher's army, but failed to prevent Blücher from joining Wellington or to come himself to the assistance of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo. (14) The battle of Ess'ling was fought a few miles from Vienna, Austria, May 21 and 22, 1809. In this battle the Austrians gained a victory over the French under Napoleon. (14) Rī'vō lī is a village in northern Italy near which Napoleon defeated the Austrians, January 14, 1797. (16) Ĭnk ēr mǎn' is a ruined town in the Crimea, Russia. Here, November 5, 1854, the English and French defeated the Russians. (16) Sixteen hundred and eighty-eight is the date of the English revolution that deposed James II. and crowned William and Mary. It is sometimes called the "bloodless revolution." (16) Seventeen hundred and eighty-nine is the date of the bloody revolution in France, in which Louis XVI. and his queen, Marie Antoinette, together with multitudes of the aristocracy of France, lost their lives. (17) Near the village of Ohain was the famous sunken road, with perpendicular banks twelve feet high, into which the French cavalry poured, to be crushed and mangled by those in the rear. Nearly one-third of Dubois' brigade rolled into this abyss. This disaster marked the beginning of Napoleon's defeat. (20) Vir'gil was a famous Roman poet who died 19 B.C. (20) Philip'pi is a ruined town in Turkey in Europe; it was the scene of two battles in 42 B.C. in which Octavius and Mark Antony defeated the republicans under Brutus and Cassius.

III. Suggestions on expressive reading : To read this chapter well, the pupil must go on till he feels the heat of the battle and hears its crash and thunder. It can't be read with full effect by having each pupil read a single paragraph. Study carefully the magnificent antithesis in the eighth paragraph,—the mathematics of Wellington opposed to the genius of Napoleon.

VII. MAMBRINO'S HELMET.

BY MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

This extract is taken from Chapter XVII of the most famous romance in the Spanish language, and one of the greatest works of its kind ever written. Its title is "Adventures of Don Quixote (Kwíks'ót) de la Mán'chá."

The author was born in Spain, and, as in the case of the great Grecian poet, Homer, *seven* cities claimed the honor of being his native place. This dispute was finally settled by the discovery of the parish register in which his baptism, on the 9th of October, 1547, is recorded.



CERVANTES.

"Don Quixote" is a satire upon the books of knight-errantry which were so common in the time of Cervantes. He considered that these books were likely to give his countrymen false ideas of the world; to fill them all, especially the young, with fanciful notions of life, and so make them unfit to meet its real difficulties and hardships.

In order to exhibit the absurdity of such works, the author represents a worthy gentleman, whose head had been turned by such reading, sallying forth in search of fame, fortune, and adventure. The absurdities into which the poor gentleman's madness constantly hurries him exerted a powerful influence, and did more towards putting down the extravagances of knight-errantry than many sober volumes of bitter invective.

1. About this time it began to rain, and Sancho proposed entering the fulling mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such an abhorrence for the late jest that he would by no means go in. Soon after he discovered a man on horseback, who had on his head something which

glittered, as if it had been of gold; and turning to Sancho, he said, "I am of opinion, Sancho, there is no proverb but what is true, because they are all sentences drawn from experience; especially that which says, 'Where one door is shut, another is opened.'"

2. "I say this because, if fortune last night shut the door against us with the fulling mills, it now opens another, for a better and more certain adventure, in which, if I am deceived, the fault will be mine, without imputing it to my ignorance of fulling mills, or to the darkness of night. This I say because, if I mistake not, there comes one towards us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet."

3. "Take care, sir, what you say, and more what you do," said Sancho; "for I would not wish for other fulling mills to finish the milling and mashing our senses."

4. "What has a helmet to do with fulling mills?" replied Don Quixote.

5. "I know not," answered Sancho; "but if I might talk as much as I used to do, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you are mistaken in what you say."

6. "How can I be mistaken?" said Don Quixote. "Seest thou not yon knight coming towards us on a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

7. "What I see and perceive," answered Sancho, "is only a man on a gray mule like mine, with something on his head that glitters."

8. "Why, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote; "retire, and leave me alone to deal with him,

and thou shalt see how, in order to save time, I shall conclude this adventure without speaking a word, and the helmet I have so much desired remain my own."

9. "I shall take care to get out of the way," replied Sancho; "but grant, I say again, it may not prove another fulling mill adventure."

10. "I have already told thee, Sancho, not to mention those fulling mills, nor even think of them," said Don Quixote; "if thou dost, I say no more, but I vow to mill thy soul out of thy body."

11. Sancho held his peace, fearing lest his master should perform his vow. Now, the truth of the matter, concerning the helmet, the steed, and the knight which Don Quixote saw, was this. There were two villages in that neighborhood, one of them so small that it had neither shop nor barber, but the other adjoining to it had both; therefore the barber of the larger served also the lesser, wherein one customer now wanted blood let, and another to be shaved,—to perform which the barber was now on his way, carrying with him his brass basin: and it so happened that, while upon the road, it began to rain, and to save his hat, which was a new one, he clapped the basin on his head, which, being lately scoured, was seen glittering at the distance of half a league. He rode on a gray mule, as Sancho said, and this was the reason why Don Quixote took the barber for a knight, his mule for a dapple-gray steed, and his basin for a golden helmet, for he readily adapted all he saw to his delusions with regard to knight-errantry. And when he saw the poor cavalier draw near, he advanced at Rocinante's best speed, and

couched his lance low, intending to run him through and through; but when close upon him, without checking the fury of his career, he cried out, "Defend thyself, caitiff, or instantly surrender what is justly my due!"

12. The barber, seeing this phantom coming upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance than to slip down from the mule; and no sooner had he touched the ground, than leaping up, nimbler than a roebuck, he scampered over the plain with such speed that the wind could not overtake him. The basin he left on the ground, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, saying that the miscreant had acted discreetly in imitating the beaver, which, when closely pursued by the hunters, tears off with its teeth that for which it knows, by instinct, they hunt him. He ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, who, holding it in his hand, said, "The basin is a special one, and is well worth a piece of eight, if it is worth a farthing."

13. He then gave it to his master, who immediately placed it upon his head, turning it round in search of the visor; and not finding it, he said, "Doubtless the pagan for whom this famous helmet was originally forged must have had a prodigious head—the worst of it is, that one half is wanting." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not forbear laughing; which, however, he instantly checked on recollecting his master's late choler.

14. "What dost thou laugh at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

15. "I am laughing," answered he, "to think what a

huge head the pagan had who owned that helmet, which is for all the world just like a barber's basin."

16. "Knowest thou, Sancho, what I conceive to be the case? This famous piece, this enchanted helmet, by some strange accident must have fallen into the possession of one who, ignorant of its true value as a helmet, and seeing it to be of the purest gold, hath inconsiderately melted down the one half for lucre's sake, and of the other half made this, which, as thou sayest, doth indeed look like a barber's basin; but to me, who knows what it really is, its transformation is of no importance, for I will have it so repaired, in the first town where there is a smith, that it shall not be surpassed, nor even equaled. In the meantime I will wear it as I can (for something is better than nothing), and it will be sufficient to defend me from stones."

17. "It will so," said Sancho, "if they do not throw them with slings, as they did in the battle of the two armies, when they crossed your worship's chops, and broke the cruse which contained the precious balsam."

18. "I do not care for having lost it," said Don Quixote; "for, as thou knowest, Sancho, I have the recipe by heart."

19. "So have I, too," answered Sancho; "but if ever I make or try it again may I never stir from this place. Besides, I do not intend to run the risk of wanting it, for I intend to keep myself, with all my five senses, from being wounded, or from wounding anybody. As to being tossed again in a blanket, I say nothing; for it is difficult to prevent such mishaps, and if they do come, there is

nothing to be done but to wink, hold one's breath, and submit to go whither fortune and the blanket shall please."

20. "Thou art no good Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "since thou dost not forget an injury once done thee; but know it is inherent in generous and noble minds to disregard trifles. What leg of thine is lamed, or what rib or head broken, that thou canst not forget that jest? For, properly considered, it was a mere jest and pastime; otherwise I should long ago have returned thither, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen; who, had she lived in these times, or my Dulcinea in those, would never have been so famous for beauty as she is." And here he heaved a sigh towards heaven.

21. "Let it pass, then, for a jest," said Sancho, "since it is not likely to be revenged in earnest; but I know of what kind the jests and the earnest were; and I know also they will no more slip out of my memory than off my shoulders. But, setting this aside, tell me, sir, what shall we do with this dapple-gray steed, which looks so like a gray mule, and which that caitiff whom your worship overthrew has left behind here, to shift for itself; for, by his scouring off so hastily, he does not think of ever returning for him; and, by my beard, the beast is a special one."

22. "It is not my custom," said Don Quixote, "to plunder those whom I overcome, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take from the vanquished their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the victor hath lost his own in

the conflict ; in such a case it is lawful to take that of the enemy as fairly won in battle. Therefore, Sancho, leave this horse, or mule, or whatever thou wilt have it to be ; for, when we are gone, his owner will return for him."

23. "I should like to carry him off," replied Sancho, "or at least to change mine for him, which is something the worst of the two. Truly the laws of chivalry are very strict, since they do not extend to the swapping one mule for another. I would fain know whether I might exchange furniture, if I were so inclined."

24. "I am not very clear as to that point," answered Don Quixote ; "and as it is a case of doubt, till better information can be obtained, I think thou mayest exchange the furniture, if the necessity be extreme."

25. "It is so extreme," replied Sancho, "that I could not want them more if they were for my own proper person." And so saying, he proceeded without further license, to the transposition, and made his own beast three parts in four the better for the exchange. . . .

26. As they were sauntering on, Sancho said to his master, "Sir, will your worship be pleased to indulge me the liberty of a word or two ; for, since you imposed on me that harsh command of silence, sundry things have been in my breast, and I have one just now at my tongue's end."

27. "Speak, then," said Don Quixote, "and be brief in thy discourse ; for what is prolix cannot be pleasing."

28. "I say, then, sir," answered Sancho, "that for some days past I have been considering how little is gained by wandering about in quest of those adventures your wor-

ship is seeking through these deserts and crossways, where, though you should overcome and achieve the most perilous, there is nobody to see or know anything of them ; so that they must remain in perpetual oblivion, to the prejudice of your worship's intention and their deserts. And therefore I think it would be more advisable for us, with submission to your better judgment, to serve some emperor or other great prince engaged in war, in whose service your worship may display your valor, great strength, and superior understanding." . . .

29. "Thou art not much out, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; "but, before it comes to that, it is necessary for a knight-errant to wander about the world, seeking adventures, by way of probation ; that, by repeated achievements, he may acquire sufficient fame and renown, when he comes to the court of some great monarch, to be known by his achievements before his appearance there. So that as soon as the boys see him enter the gates of the city, they shall all follow and surround him, crying aloud, 'This is the Knight of the Sun, or of the Serpent' (or of any other device, under which he may have performed his exploits).

30. "Thus, from mouth to mouth, shall they go on blazoning his deeds ; until, surprised at the noise of the populace, the king of the country shall appear at the windows of his royal palace ; and, as soon as he espies the knight, knowing him by his armor, or by the device on his shield, he will say, 'Ho ! go forth, my knights, all that are at court, to receive the flower of chivalry, who is coming yonder.'

31. "At which command they will all go forth, and the king himself, descending halfway down the stairs, will receive him with a close embrace, saluting and kissing him; and then, taking him by the hand, will conduct him to the apartment of the queen, where the knight will find her with her daughter the infanta, who is so beautiful and accomplished a damsel that her equal cannot easily be found in any part of the known world."

I. Definitions: (1) full'ing mill, a mill in which cloth is cleansed or thickened by moisture, heat, and pressure; (2) im pūt'ing, charging, ascribing; (10) mill, reduce to particles, grind; (11) lēague, a measure of distance, varying in length in different countries from 2.4 to 4.6 miles; (11) cāv ā liēr', a military man serving on horseback; (11) cāi'tiff, a mean, wicked fellow; (13) viṣ'ōr, a part of a helmet, arranged so as to lift or open, and thus show the face; (13) pā'gan, one who worships false gods; (13) fōrged, formed by heating and hammering; (13) ehōl'ēr, anger; (16) lū'cre (-kēr), gain in money or riches; (17) eruse, a bottle or cup; (23) fāin, gladly; (27) prō līx', extending to great length, unnecessarily long; (28) ōb līv'i ōn, forgetfulness; (28) dē ṣērts', merits, dues; (29) prō bā'tion, trial; (31) īn fān'tā, a title borne by every one of the daughters of the kings of Spain or Portugal, except the eldest.

II. Notes: Mām brī'nō'g Hēl'mēt, the helmet borne away by Ri'nal dō (Rē nāl'dō), who was the hero of many of the tales of chivalry that were written during the Middle Ages. Mambrino was a Moorish king, who, according to the romances of his time, was the possessor of an enchanted golden helmet, which rendered the wearer invulnerable.

(1) Sān'ehō Pān'zā, the squire or companion who accompanied Don Quixote. He possessed much shrewdness in practical matters and a great store of proverbial wisdom.

(11) Ro ci nan'te (rō sē nān'tā), the name given by Don Quixote to his celebrated steed.

(20) Dūl qīn'ē ā, the ladylove, of Don Quixote. The name is often used as synonymous with sweetheart.

FAMOUS SHORT POEMS.

VIII. BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY CHARLES WOLFE.

Charles Wolfe, an Irish clergyman and poet, was born at Dublin, Dec. 14, 1791, and died at Queenstown, Feb. 21, 1823. His title to immortality is his "Burial of Sir John Moore"; through it, his name will live while English is a spoken tongue.

1. Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
2. We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.
3. No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay, like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.
4. Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5. We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.
6. Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.
7. But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.
8. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

I. Suggestions for study : The main fault in reading poetry of this measure lies in giving, uniformly, a rising inflection at the close of the first and third lines, and a falling at the close of the second and fourth. This constitutes what is known as the "sing-song" in reading four-lined, alternately rhymed poetry. Try the first line so: "Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note." We buried him darkly, at dead of night." In other places where it is too common to give the voice an upward swing, the reading would be improved by merely keeping to the key of the accented syllables, thus: "We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed."

II. Note: Sir John Moore, soldier, born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1761, was killed by a cannon ball, at the battle of Corunna, in Spain, Jan. 16, 1809. Both the French and the English claimed the victory.

IX. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

BY LORD BYRON.



LORD BYRON.

Lord George Noel Gordon Byron ranks as one of the world's greatest poets. He had fine wit and understanding, but was wanting somewhat in imagination. His most remarkable characteristic was his power of expressing intense passion, particularly of the malevolent sorts. "Never," says Macaulay, "had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair." He wrote at a white heat, and did not always discriminate wisely; but all that he wrote is remarkable for its beauty.

Though aristocratic by birth, he was democratic in his sympathies. He went to Italy to help the people in their struggle for independence, and that struggle failing, he espoused the cause of the Greeks against the Turks. He was born in London, Jan. 22, 1788, and died in Greece in his thirty-seventh year.

1. The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.
2. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

3. For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.
4. And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
5. And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.
6. And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And their idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

I. Suggestions for study : The sweep of these verses, with their great number of open vowel sounds, is like the rush of an army to battle. Note in the last stanza the strength of "bröke" and "ünsmöte," as compared with bröken and unsmitten. Note the contrast in the second stanza : the first couplet a picture of summer with its leaves innumerable, and comparing the Assyrian host to it ; the second, not a leaf on a tree, — not a man in the line.

II. Notes : Sēn nāch'e rib was King of Assyria, 705 to 681 B.C. He had to give up the siege of Jerusalem on account of a pestilence which broke out in his army. (6) Āsh'ur was the original name of Ās sŷr'ī ā, an ancient Asiatic country lying east of the Euphrates. See 2 Kings xix. 35. (6) Why did the people break their idols? (6) Bā'al was the supreme male divinity of Phe nic'ia (fē nīsh'ā) and other Asiatic countries.

X. ANNABEL LEE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Edgar Allan Poe, author, was born in Boston, Jan. 19, 1809, and died in Baltimore, Oct. 7, 1849. His tales and poems, while showing marked ability, are marred by their morbid subjects and their absence of moral feeling. His idea of poetry was beauty; and no one has surpassed him in melody. It is said of him that in poetry he aimed not to convey an idea, but to make an impression; in prose, not to tell a story, but to produce an effect. Probably his most popular poems are "Annabel Lee" and "The Raven"; and his most popular tales, "The Gold-Bug" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." His

was a checkered life, and he suffered much.

1. It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
 By the name of Annabel Lee ;
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

2. *I* was a child and *she* was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea ;
 But we loved with a love that was more than love, —

I and my Annabel Lee ;
 With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

3. And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 So that her high-born kinsman came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulcher
 In this kingdom by the sea.
4. The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me :
 Yes ! — that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.
5. But our love it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we —
 Of many far wiser than we :
 And neither the angels in heaven above,
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
 And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
 In the sepulcher there by the sea,
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

XI. THE BOYS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, an American man of letters, was born in Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809, and died in Boston, Oct. 7, 1894. His allusion to his birth will give a hint of his love of humor. He said, "I well remember that week, for something of importance happened to me at that time: I was born." Dr. Holmes was professor of anatomy in the medical school of Harvard for thirty-seven years, and during the time wrote many scientific articles, some of them winning prizes; but so much do his literary labors overshadow his medical, that few think of him as a physician. Aside from his

scientific essays, his published writings, prose and poetry, are in nine volumes.

1. Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
 If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
 Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
 Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

2. We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are
more?
He's tipsy, — young jackanapes! show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?" — Yes! *white* if we
please;
Where the snowflakes fall thickest there's nothing
can freeze!
3. Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close, — you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have
shed, —
And these are white roses in place of the red.
4. We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been
told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old: —
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all fudge.
5. That fellow's the "Speaker" — the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we
chaff;
There's the "Reverend" — What's his name? — don't
make me laugh.
6. That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was *true*!
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

7. There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain ;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The
Squire."
8. And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith, —
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith ;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, —
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee !"
9. You hear that boy laughing? — You think he's all fun ;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done ;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all !
10. Yes, we're boys, — always playing with tongue or
with pen, —
And I sometimes have asked, — Shall we ever be men ?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away ?
11. Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray !
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May !
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, THE BOYS !

I. Suggestions for study : This is a rollicking piece of verse, and the voice must frolic in giving it utterance. It is like a boy turned out at recess who shouts, "Here, boys, let's have a game o' ball !" "We're twenty! We're twenty!" It is not till the ninth stanza is reached that the face straightens and the tones become serious. Read the last stanza slowly, with reverence in the prayer of the last two lines.

XII. ANGLING.

BY GEORGE HOWLAND.

George Howland, educator, was born in Conway, Mass., July 30, 1824, and died in Chicago, Oct. 22, 1892. He was graduated from Amherst College in 1850, and, after two years' teaching in the country, was tutor in Amherst till 1858, when he became assistant in the Chicago high school. In 1860 he was made principal of the school, and held this position till 1880, when he was promoted to the position of superintendent of the Chicago schools, to their great benefit. Failing health compelled him to resign in 1890. Mr. Howland published a small volume of poems in 1878,—his favorite among them being "Angling," the poem chosen as this selection. He translated the *Æneid* and the *Odyssey* into English hexameter verse, both of which have been greatly admired. His delicate humor, as well as his skill in versification, is seen in this poem.

1. Just down from the house is a sweet little brook,
Where I love in vacation to throw in my hook,
Not because I care much for the fishes, but yet,
It gives such a thrill when a nibble I get,
A fresh thrill each new nibble I get.
2. Down there in the grass, just crouched out of sight,
I throw in my hook and wait for a bite,
And doubt if to wake and find myself rich,
Would afford me such joy as to feel the line twitch,
Though a poor fish may make the line twitch.
3. Almost holding my breath, there sometimes I cower,
And patiently wait, it would seem for an hour;
Then I raise up the rod, and examine the bait,
Then drop it again and patiently wait,
For the best of us sometimes must wait.

4. Then swinging so gently the end of the rod,
I move the bait softly, close under the sod,
Where I know the fish lies, suspicious and firm,
Just to give him a nearer view of the worm ;
Even men bite at less than a worm.
5. Then I move it away to the left or the right,
For blessings grow brighter when taking their flight ;
Then perhaps lift it out of the water to look,
And see if the bait hides the point of the hook ;
Only men ever take the bare hook.
6. Then I throw it in farther, perhaps, up the stream,
And let it float down, for it often does seem
As if fishes were wiser than men to descry
What's the true course of nature, and what is a lie,
Nor so readily swallow a lie.
7. There ! it starts ! wait a minute ! old fellow, you're
mine !
No, 'twas only a long spire of grass caught the line.
To one all unused to the feel of the trout
The veriest straw may awaken a doubt,
The genuine thrill leaves no doubt.
8. Don't give it up so, you may yet win the day ;
Faint heart never won fair lady, they say,
And many sad lives can the folly confess
Of accepting a "no," when it only meant "yes" ;
If they mean it, why can't they say yes ?
9. Now, there is a bite it is certain, at last.
Hold ! steady a little, and don't be too fast !

Take care, or he sees the near danger and hides ;
 Pshaw ! 'twas only a nibble to look at both sides,
 And old fish always look at both sides.

10. As if 'twere the worm, I just move it a bit,
 For what is so mean, not to know when it's hit ?
 It must surely be more or less than a worm,
 Which even a fish knows, when bitten, should squirm ;
 It takes a brave man not to squirm.
11. Stay ! bide well your time ! blessings often delay ;
 For Rome, it is said, was not built in a day,
 Just give him a chance, and he'll find to his cost,
 That who hesitates, though an old fish, is lost ;
 Oh, that fishes alone were thus lost !
12. I have him ! as sweet as hope's morning that gleam
 Which flashes so brightly up out of the stream ;
 Not an instant too soon ; not an instant too late,
 But just at the moment, the twinkling of fate ;
 The right moment is all that makes fate.

I. Questions and Suggestions : " Angling " is both sportive and didactic : a moral lies in the last line of almost every stanza. As was the custom of the author, the line smiles and teaches a lesson. What virtue is enjoined in the last line of the third stanza ? What tendency is suggested in the last line of the fourth ? Of the fifth ? In the ninth is it suggested that men sometimes do less ? Is it a brave man or a man of fortitude who bears pain without flinching ? What does the author mean by " The right moment is all that makes fate " ?

The rising inflection at the close of 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, and 11 will add greatly to the significance. No noisy person succeeds as a fisherman, and the reading must suggest the quiet of him who succeeds ; and it is not till " I have him ! " that the voice can come out in its strength.

XIII. THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

1. The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo ;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.
2. No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind ;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind ;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms ;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.
3. Their shivered swords are red with rust ;
Their plumèd heads are bowed ;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud ;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow ;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

4. The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
 The bugle's stirring blast,
 The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
 The din and shout, are past.
 Not war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
 Shall thrill with fierce delight
 Those breasts that never more may feel
 The rapture of the fight.

5. Like the fierce northern hurricane
 That sweeps his great plateau,
 Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
 Comes down the serried foe.
 Who heard the thunder of the fray
 Break o'er the field beneath,
 Knew well the watchword of that day
 Was "Victory or death!"

6. Full many a mother's breath has swept
 O'er Angostura's plain,
 And long the pitying sky has wept
 Above its moldered slain.
 The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
 Or shepherd's pensive lay,
 Alone now wakes each solemn height
 That frowned o'er that dread fray.

7. Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
 Ye must not slumber there,
 Where stranger-steps and tongues resound
 Along the heedless air!

Your own proud land's heroic soil
 Shall be your fitter grave :
 She claims from war its richest spoil —
 The ashes of her brave.

8. Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
 Far from the gory field,
 Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
 On many a bloody shield.
 The sunshine of their native sky
 Smiles sadly on them here,
 And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
 The heroes' sepulcher.
9. Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead !
 Dear as the blood ye gave !
 No impious footstep here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave ;
 Nor shall your glory be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.
10. Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
 In deathless song shall tell,
 When many a vanished year hath flown,
 The story how ye fell.
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor Time's remorseless doom,
 Can dim one ray of holy light
 That gilds your glorious tomb.

I. Suggestions for study : This is one of the most popular poems in honor of the dead that has appeared in our language. It is exalted in sentiment and fervent in style. It is honor, rather than sorrow, that inspires the pen.

The first, third, sixth, and eighth stanzas should be read in tones somewhat subdued, and in slow time. The remaining stanzas may be read in full, well-sustained tones, with pauses of moderate length.

II. Note : The author served in the Mexican War, and when the remains of the Kentucky soldiers who fell at Buena Vista were removed to Frankfort and a monument erected in their honor, he wrote for the occasion this poem.

XIV. HOHENLINDEN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1. On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
2. But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.
3. By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horsemen drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.
4. Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

5. But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hill of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.
6. 'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.
7. The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!
8. Few, few, shall part where many meet.
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

I. Notes: The French victory at Hohenlinden took place on Dec. 3, 1800. The French armies under General Moreau had invaded Germany, and met the Austrian army in the forest of Hohenlinden in Bavaria, as it was marching toward Munich, the capital. Fifteen thousand of the Austrians and Bavarians were killed, and a hundred cannon were captured.

(6) "Hun," which is applied to the German troops, is a reference to the fact that Hungarians, who furnished many soldiers to the Austrian armies, are descendants of the Huns, a barbarous tribe that settled on the eastern boundaries of Austria in the Middle Ages.

(6) The word "Frank" refers to the French. In the fifth century German tribes, called Franks, overran and conquered the section of country now occupied by France.

FOUR SCENIC WONDERS OF AMERICA.

XV. NIAGARA FALLS.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Anthony Trollope was an English novelist, born in London in 1815. He has published a number of popular works, among which are "The Warden," "Doctor Thorne," and a descriptive work entitled "North America."

1. Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see—at least of all those which I have seen—I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. In the catalogue of such sights I intend to include all buildings, pictures, statues, and wonders of art made by men's hands, and also all beauties of nature prepared by the Creator for the delight of his creatures.

2. This is a long word, but as far as my taste and judgment go, it is justified. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, so powerful.

3. I came across an artist at Niagara who was attempting to draw the spray of the waters. "You have a difficult subject," said I.

4. "All subjects are difficult," he replied, "to a man who desires to do well."

5. "But yours, I fear, is impossible," I said.

6. "You have no right to say so till I have finished my picture," he replied. I acknowledged the justice of his rebuke, regretted that I could not remain till the com-

pletion of his work should enable me to revoke my words, and passed on. Then I began to reflect whether I did not intend to try a task as difficult in describing the falls.

• 7. I will not say that it is as difficult to describe aright that rush of waters as it is to paint it well; but I doubt whether it is not quite as difficult to write a description that shall interest the reader as it is to paint a picture of them that shall be pleasant to the beholder.

8. That the waters of Lake Erie have come down in their courses from the broad basins of Lake Michigan, Lake Superior, and Lake Huron; that these waters fall into Lake Ontario by the short and rapid river of Niagara, and that the falls of Niagara are made by a sudden break in the level of this rapid river, are probably known to all who will read this book.

9. All the waters of these huge northern inland seas run over that breach in the rocky bottom of the stream, and thence it comes that the flow is unceasing in its grandeur, and that no one can perceive a difference in the weight, or sound, or violence of the fall, whether it be visited in the drought of autumn, amidst the storms of winter, or after the melting of the upper worlds of ice in the days of the early summer.

10. How many cataracts does the habitual tourist visit at which the waters fail him! But at Niagara the waters never fail. There it thunders over its ledge in a volume that never ceases and is never diminished—as it has done from times previous to the life of man, and as it will do till tens of thousands of years shall see the rocky bed of the river worn away back to the upper lake.

11. This stream divides Canada from the States, the western or farthest bank belonging to the British Crown, and the eastern or nearer bank being in the State of New York.

12. The falls are, as I have said, made by a sudden breach in the level of the river. All cataracts are, I presume, made by such breaches, but generally the waters do not fall precipitously as they do at Niagara, and never elsewhere, so far as the world yet knows, has a breach so sudden been made in a river carrying in its channel such, or any approach to such, a body of water.

13. Up above the falls for more than a mile the waters leap and burst over the rapids as though conscious of the destiny that awaits them. Here the river is very broad and comparatively shallow, but from shore to shore it frets itself into little torrents and begins to assume the majesty of its power.

14. Looking at it even here in the expanse which forms itself over the greater fall, one feels sure that not the strongest swimmer could have a chance of saving himself if fate had cast him in among even those petty whirlpools. The waters, though so broken in their descent, are deliciously green. This color, as seen early in the morning, or just as the sun has set, is so bright as to give to the place one of its chiefest charms.

15. This will be best seen from the farther end of the island—Goat Island, as it is called—which, as the reader will understand, divides the river immediately above the falls. Indeed, the island is a part of that precipitously broken ledge over which the river tumbles, and no doubt

in process of time will be worn away and covered with water. The time, however, will be very long. In the meanwhile it is perhaps a mile round, and is covered thickly with timber.

16. At the upper end of the island the waters are divided, and, coming down in two courses, each over its own rapids, form two separate falls. The bridge by which the island is reached is a hundred yards or more above the smaller fall.

17. We will go at once on to the glory, and the thunder, and the majesty, and the wrath of the larger fall. Advancing beyond the path leading down to the lesser fall, we come to that point of the island at which the waters of the main river begin to descend. From hence, across to the Canadian side, the cataract continues itself in one unabated line ; but the line is very far from being direct or straight.

18. After stretching for some little way from the shore to a point in the river which is reached by a wooden bridge, at the end of which stands a tower upon the rock, —after stretching to this the line of the ledge bends inwards against the floods — in, and in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horseshoe is immeasurable.

19. Go down to the end of that wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have that power of eye,—control,—which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery, you will see nothing but the water.

20. You will certainly hear nothing else ; and the sound, I beg you to remember, is not an ear-cracking, agonizing crash and clang of noises, but is melodious and soft withal, though loud as thunder. It fills your ears, and, as it were, envelops them ; but at the same time you can speak to your neighbor without an effort. But, at this place and in these moments, the less of speaking, I should say, the better.

21. There is no grander spot than this. Here, seated on the rail of the bridge, you will not see the whole depth of the fall. In looking at the grandest works of nature, and of art, too, I fancy it is never well to see all. There should be something left to the imagination, and much should be half concealed in mystery.

22. It is glorious to watch the waters in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful flying color, as though conscious that in one moment they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow.

23. The vapor rises high into the air, and is gathered there, visible always as a permanent white cloud over the cataract ; but the bulk of the spray which fills the lower hollow of that horseshoe is like a tumult of snow. This you will not fully see from your seat on the rail. The head of it rises ever and anon out of the caldron below, but the caldron itself will be invisible. It is ever so far down — far as your own imagination can sink it.

24. But your eyes will rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape at which you will be looking is that of a horseshoe, but of a horseshoe miraculously deep from

toe to heel; and this depth becomes greater as you sit there. That which was at first only great and beautiful, becomes gigantic and sublime, till the mind is at a loss to find an epithet for its own use.

25. To realize Niagara, you must sit there till you see nothing else than that which you have come to see. You will hear nothing else and think of nothing else. At length you will be at one with the tumbling river before you. You will find yourself among the waters, as though you belonged to them.

26. The cool liquid green will run through your veins, and the voice of the cataract will be the expression of your own heart. You will fall as the bright waters fall, rushing down into your new world with no hesitation and with no dismay; and you will rise again as the spray rises, bright, beautiful, and pure. Then you will flow away in your own course to the unbounded, distant, and eternal ocean.

I. Suggestions: Here we have a description of the grand, and the voice should ring out in sympathy with the theme. The tones should ring like a bell, and carry to the ear something of the musical roar of the mighty falls. To read this in a subdued voice would be as much out of harmony as to read the description of Phœbe's bed-chamber in swelling tones. Try to put yourself in harmony with the scene, and give your voice full swing. You should practice, particularly, reading aloud the last four or five paragraphs of this selection.

II. Questions: Make a sketch of the Great Lakes, whose waters form the Niagara River. In what direction does the river flow and what two lakes does it connect? Through what channels do these waters reach the ocean? Why does the volume of water vary but little? Toward what direction do the falls face?

XVI. A VISIT TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Horace Greeley, a famous American journalist, was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, in 1811, and died in New York, in 1872. In boyhood, he worked on his father's farm, and attended the district school a few months in the winter. At a very early age he exhibited a great fondness for reading. In the "Life of Horace Greeley," Parton says, "He read whatever he could get: but his preference was for history, poetry, and newspapers. He had read the whole Bible before he was six years old." When fifteen years of age he entered a newspaper office in Vermont, and soon learned to set type. In 1831, he found his way to New York City, where he sought employment at his trade. He started a number of papers which proved financial failures; and finally, in 1841, issued the first copy of the *Tribune*. Until his death, he was identified with this paper, and under his editorship it became one of the most widely circulated and influential newspapers in the country. In the summer of 1859, Mr. Greeley made a journey across the plains to California, during which he visited the Yosemite Valley.

1. The night was clear and bright, as all summer nights in this region are; the atmosphere cool, but not really cold; the moon had risen before seven o'clock, and was shedding so much light as to bother us in our forest path, where the shadow of a standing pine looked exceedingly like the substance of a fallen one, and many semblances were unreal and misleading. The safest course was to give your horse a full rein, and trust to his sagacity or self-love for keeping the trail.

2. As we descended by zigzags the north face of the all but perpendicular mountain, our moonlight soon left us, or was present only by reflection from the opposite cliff. Soon the trail became at once so steep, so rough, so tortuous, that we all dismounted. By steady effort we

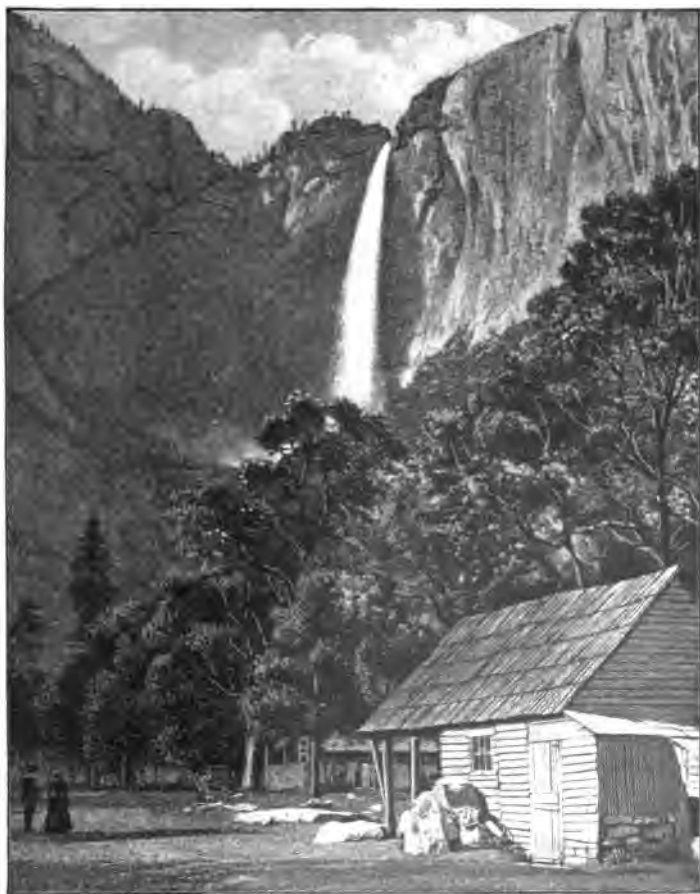
descended the three miles (four thousand feet perpendicular) in two hours, and stood at midnight by the rushing, roaring waters of the Merced.

3. That first full, deliberate gaze up the opposite height! can I ever forget it? The valley here is scarcely half a mile wide, while its northern wall of mainly naked, perpendicular granite is at least four thousand feet high, probably more. But the little moonlight that fell into this awful gorge gave to that precipice a vagueness of outline, an indefinite vastness, a ghostly and weird spirituality. Had the mountain spoken to me in audible voice, or begun to lean over with the purpose of burying me beneath its crushing mass, I should hardly have been surprised.

4. We discussed the propriety of camping directly at the foot of the pass, but decided against it, because of the insufficiency of the grass at this point for our tired and hungry beasts; and resolved to push on to the nearest of the two houses in the valley, which was said to be four miles distant. To my dying day I shall remember that weary and almost endless ride up the valley.

5. How many times our heavy eyes—I mean those of my San Francisco friend and myself—were lighted up by visions of that intensely desired cabin, visions which seemed distinct and clear, but which, alas! a nearer view proved to be made up of moonlight and shadow, rock and tree, into which they faded one after another.

6. At length the real cabin—one made of posts, beams, and boards, instead of rock, and shadow, and moonshine—was reached; and we eagerly dismounted,



A SCENE IN THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

turning out our weary steeds into abundant grass, and stirring up the astonished landlord, who had never before received guests at that unseemly hour.

7. The Fall of the Yosemite, so called, is a humbug. It is not the Merced River that makes this fall, but a mere tributary trout-brook, which pitches in from the north by a barely once-broken descent of twenty-six hundred feet, while the Merced enters the valley at its eastern extremity, over falls of six hundred and two hundred and fifty feet. But a river twice as large as the Merced at this season would be utterly dwarfed by all the other accessories of this immense chasm. Only a Mississippi or a Niagara could be adequate to their demands.

8. I readily grant that a hundred times the present amount of water may roll down the Yosemite Fall in the months of May and June, when the snows are melting from the central ranges of the Sierra Nevada, which bound this abyss on the east; but this would not add a fraction to the wonder of this vivid exhibition of the Divine power and majesty.

9. At present, the little stream that leaps down the Yosemite, and is all but shattered to mist by the amazing descent, looks more like a tape line let down from the cloud-capped height to measure the depth of the abyss. The Yosemite Valley is the most unique and majestic of nature's marvels; but the Yosemite Fall is of little account. Were it absent, the valley would not be notably less worthy of a toilsome visit.

10. "The Dome" is a high, round, naked peak, which rises between the Merced and its little tributary from the inmost recesses of the Sierra Nevada already noted, and towers to a height of over five thousand feet above the

waters at its base. Picture to yourself a perpendicular wall of bare granite nearly or quite one mile high!

11. Yet there are some dozen or score of peaks in all, ranging from three thousand to five thousand feet above the valley, and a biscuit tossed from any of them would strike very near its base, and its fragments go bounding and falling still farther. I certainly miss here the glaciers of Chamouni; but I know no other single wonder of nature which can claim superiority over Yosemite.

12. Just dream yourself for one hour in a chasm nearly ten miles long, with egress for birds and water at either extremity, and none elsewhere save at three points, up the face of a precipice from three thousand to four thousand feet high, and tapering to a mere gorge or canyon at either end, with walls of mainly naked and perpendicular white granite from three thousand to five thousand feet high, so that looking up to the sky from it is like looking out of an unfathomable profound, and you will have some conception of the Yosemite.

I. Definitions: Yô sēm'î tē Văl'leŷ, *site of the National Park in Mariposa County, California*; (2) tôr'tū ōs, *winding*; (3) wēird, *unearthly, wild*; (5) vîs'ions, *imaginary sights, specters*; (7) Mēr çed', *a river in California, 160 miles long, flowing into the Sân Jo a quin' (Hô ä kēn')*; (11) Çhă mqu nī', *a noted valley north of Mt. Blanc, France*; (12) eăn'yôn, *a deep gorge worn by water courses*.

II. Suggestions on expressive reading: The reading of this piece of description will suggest to one the reason for the great influence of the *New York Tribune*, under the editorship of Horace Greeley. The language is simple and direct; there is little need of a dictionary,—the words chosen being common to the speech of all. It will make a fine selection to read on a Friday afternoon. It is worthy of the most careful study.



THE GRAND CANYON.

XVII. THE GRAND CANYON.

By C. A. HIGGINS.

1. The Colorado is one of the great rivers of North America. Formed in southern Utah by the confluence of the Green and Grand, it intersects the northwestern corner of Arizona, and, becoming the eastern boundary of Nevada and California, flows southward until it reaches tidewater in the Gulf of California, Mexico. It drains a territory of 300,000 square miles, and, traced back to the rise of its principal source, is 2000 miles long. At two points, the Needles and Yuma on the California boundary, it is crossed by a railroad. Elsewhere its course lies far from Caucasian settlements and far from the routes of common travel, in the heart of a vast region fenced on the one hand by arid plains and on the other by formidable mountains.

2. For many years its exact course was unknown for many hundred miles, even its origin in the junction of the Grand and Green rivers being a matter of conjecture, it being difficult to approach within a distance of two or three miles from the channel, while descent to the river's edge could be hazarded only at wide intervals, inasmuch as it lay in an appalling fissure at the foot of seemingly impassable cliff terraces that led down from the bordering plateau; and an attempt at its navigation would have been courting death. It was known in a general way that the entire channel between Nevada and Utah was of the same titanic character, reaching its culmination nearly midway in its course through Arizona.

3. In 1869 Major J. W. Powell undertook the exploration of the river, with nine men and four boats, starting from Green River City, on the Green River, in Utah. The project met with the most urgent remonstrance from those who were best acquainted with the region, including the Indians, who maintained that boats could not possibly live in any one of the score of rapids and falls known to them, to say nothing of the vast unknown stretches in which at any moment a Niagara might be disclosed. Powell launched his flotilla on May 24, and on Aug. 30 landed at the mouth of the Virgen River, more than one thousand miles by the river channel from the place of starting, minus two boats and four men. Powell's journal of the trip is a fascinating tale, which tells an epic story of purest heroism. It definitely established the scene of his exploration as the most wonderful geological and spectacular phenomenon known to mankind, and justified the name which had been bestowed upon it,—the Grand Canyon,—sublimest of gorges ; Titan of chasms.

4. Many scientists have since visited it, and, in the aggregate, a considerable number of unprofessional lovers of nature ; but until a few years ago no adequate facilities were provided for the general sight-seer, and the world's most stupendous panorama was known principally through report, by reason of the discomforts and difficulties of the trip, which deterred all except the most indefatigable enthusiasts.

5. There is but one Grand Canyon. Nowhere in the world has its like been found. It lies wholly in the northern part of Arizona. It is accessible from the north

only at the cost of many days of arduous travel, necessitating a special expedition with camp outfit and pack animals. From the south it is easily reached by a branch of the Santa Fé Route, from Williams.

6. The journey to the Canyon is greatly diversified in interest, but nothing will be encountered that could prepare the mind for transcendent scenery. Without an instant's warning the visitor finds himself upon the verge of an unearthly spectacle that stretches beneath his feet to the far horizon. Stolid indeed is he if he can front that awful scene without quaking knee or tremulous breath.

7. An inferno, swathed in soft, celestial fires; a whole chaotic under-world, just emptied of primeval floods and waiting for a new creative word; a boding, terrible thing, unflinchingly real, yet spectral as a dream, eluding all sense of perspective or dimension, outstretching the faculty of measurement, overlapping the confines of definite apprehension. The beholder is at first unimpressed by any detail; he is overwhelmed by the *ensemble* of a stupendous panorama, a thousand square miles in extent, that lies wholly beneath the eye, as if he stood upon a mountain peak instead of the level brink of a fearful chasm in the plateau whose opposite shore is thirteen miles away.

8. A labyrinth of huge architectural forms, endlessly varied in design, fretted with ornamental devices, festooned with lace-like webs formed of talus from the upper cliffs and painted with every color known to the palette in pure transparent tones of marvelous delicacy. Never was picture more harmonious, never flower more exqui-

sitely beautiful. It flashes instant communication of all that architecture and painting and music for a thousand years have gropingly striven to express. It is the soul of Michael Angelo and of Beethoven.

9. A canyon, truly, but not after the accepted type. An intricate system of canyons, rather, each subordinate to the river channel in the midst, which in its turn is subordinate to the total effect. That river channel, the profoundest depth, and actually more than five thousand feet below the point of view, is in seeming a rather insignificant trench, attracting the eye more by reason of its somber tone and mysterious suggestion than by any appreciable characteristic of a chasm. It is nearly five miles distant in a straight line, and its uppermost rims are three thousand feet beneath the observer, whose measuring capacity is entirely inadequate to the demand made by such magnitudes. One cannot believe the distance to be more than a mile as the crow flies, before descending the wall or attempting some other form of actual measurement.

10. Mere brain knowledge counts for little against the illusion under which the organ of vision is here doomed to labor. That red cliff upon your right, darkening from white to gray, yellow and brown as your glance descends, is taller than the Washington Monument. The Auditorium in Chicago would not cover one-half its perpendicular span. Yet it does not greatly impress you. You idly toss a pebble toward it, and are surprised to note how far the missile falls short. Subsequently you learn that the cliff is a good half mile distant.

11. If you care for an abiding sense of its true propor-

tions, go over to the trail that begins beside its summit and clamber down to its base and back. You will return some hours later, and with a decided respect for a small Grand Canyon cliff. Relatively it is insignificant; in that sense your first estimate was correct. Were Vulcan to cast it bodily into the chasm directly beneath your feet, it would pass for a boulder, if indeed it were discoverable to the unaided eye. Yet the immediate chasm itself is only the first step of a long terrace that leads down to the innermost gorge and the river.

12. The spectacle is so symmetrical, and so completely excludes the outside world and its accustomed standards, it is with difficulty one can acquire any notion of its immensity. Were it half as deep, half as broad, it would be no less bewildering, so utterly does it baffle human grasp. Only by descending into the Canyon may one arrive at anything like comprehension of its proportions, and the descent can not be too urgently commended to every visitor who is sufficiently robust to bear a reasonable amount of fatigue.

13. Having returned to the plateau, it will be found that the descent into the Canyon has bestowed a sense of intimacy that almost amounts to a mental grasp of the scene. The terrific deeps that part the walls of hundreds of castles and turrets of mountainous bulk will be apprehended mainly through the memory of upward looks from the bottom, while towers and obstructions and yawning fissures that were deemed events of the trail will be wholly indistinguishable, although they are known to lie somewhere flat beneath the eye. The comparative

insignificance of what are termed grand sights in other parts of the world is now clearly revealed. Twenty Yosemite might lie unperceived anywhere below. Niagara, that Mecca of marvel seekers, would here seem insignificant.

14. Still, such particulars can not long hold the attention, for the panorama is the real, overmastering charm. It is never twice the same. Although you think you have spelt out every temple and peak and escarpment, as the angle of sunlight changes there begins a ghostly advance of colossal forms from the farther side, and what you had taken to be the ultimate wall is seen to be made up of still other isolated sculptures, revealed now for the first time by silhouetting shadow. The scene incessantly changes, flushing and fading, advancing into crystalline clearness, retiring into slumberous haze.

15. Long may the visitor loiter upon the rim, powerless to shake loose from the charm, tirelessly intent upon the silent transformations until the sun is low in the west. Then the Canyon sinks into mysterious purple shadow, the far Shinumo Altar is tipped with a golden ray, and against a leaden horizon the long line of the Echo Cliffs reflects a soft brilliance of indescribable beauty, a light that, elsewhere, surely never was on sea or land. Then darkness falls, and should there be a moon, the scene in part revives in silver light, a thousand spectral forms projected from inscrutable gloom, dreams of mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal.

I. Definitions : (1) *Çau cä'sian (-shan)*, of or pertaining to the white races of mankind ; (1) *fôr'ml dà ble*, exciting fear, impressing dread ; (2) *tî tăn'le*, relating to the Titans, fabled giants of mythology ; (3) *ëp'le*, a heroic poem, narrated in a grand style ; (3) *phê nôm'ê nõu*, that which strikes one as strange (pl. phenomena) ; (4) *ln dë fät'ï gâ ble*, untiring, not yielding to fatigue ; (6) *stöl'id*, hopelessly insensible or stupid ; (7) *en sem'ble (än sän'hl)* (French), the whole, all the parts taken together ; (8) *frët'tëd*, rubbed or worn away, chafed ; (8) *tä'lüs*, a sloping heap of fragments of rock lying at the foot of a precipice ; (14) *ës eärp'ment*, a steep face or edge of a ridge ; (14) *cô lës'sal*, of enormous size.

II. Notes : (1) *Yü'mä*, a town in southwestern Arizona ; (8) *Mi'cha el Än'gê lô*, Italian painter and sculptor ; (8) *Bee'tho ven (Bä'tö-ven)*, a Prussian musical composer.

III. Questions and Suggestions : (1) How may an arid plain be said to "fence" a region ? (10) Explain "the Auditorium in Chicago would not cover one-half its perpendicular span." How might this be expressed otherwise ? (11) Vulcan, in mythology, was the god of fire, who hurled the thunderbolts and made the lightning. (13) What are the "castles and turrets" ? (13) Why is Niagara called "that Mecca of marvel seekers" ? (14) What is it "to spell out every temple and peak" ? (15) Why "dreams of mountains" ? (15) What figure in "darkness falls" ? (15) In "a thousand spectral forms brood . . . on things eternal" ? In what rhetorical figure does this selection abound ?

This is a grand description of the most stupendous thing of its kind in the world. In the expression of exalted description the voice should breathe out sympathy with the thought. The utterance should be moderate in speed, and the pauses somewhat long ; thus giving the mind of the reader, as well as that of the listener, time to photograph the scenes. To read this as one might the description of a daisy would spoil it. Read with the lungs well supplied with breath, and give the words time. This should be the case particularly after the fourth paragraph.

The author's purpose is to have us see in "the mind's eye" what he has seen with the natural eye, and to feel in the description something of what he felt in the sight of the objects. We can help him greatly in this by entering into the spirit that enveloped him and having our voices breathe it out.

XVIII. THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

BY JOHN MUIR.



BOILING SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

1. Of the four national parks of the West, the Yellowstone is far the largest. It is a big, wholesome wilderness on the broad summit of the Rocky Mountains, favored with abundance of rain and snow,—a place of fountains, where the greatest of the American rivers take their rise. The central portion is a densely forested and comparatively level volcanic plateau, with an average elevation of about eight thousand feet above the sea, surrounded by an imposing host of mountains belonging

to the subordinate Gallatin, Wind River, Teton, Absaroka, and Snowy ranges. Unnumbered lakes shine in it, united by a famous band of streams that rush up out of hot lava beds, or fall from the frosty peaks in channels rocky and bare, mossy and bosky, to the main rivers, singing cheerily on through every difficulty, cunningly dividing and finding their way east and west to the two far-off seas.

2. Glacier meadows and beaver meadows are outspread with charming effect along the banks of the streams, park-like expanses in the woods, and innumerable small gardens in rocky recesses of the mountains, some of them containing more petals than leaves, while the whole wilderness is enlivened with happy animals.

3. Beside the treasures common to most mountain regions that are wild and blessed with a kind climate, the park is full of exciting wonders. The wildest geysers in the world, in bright triumphant bands, are dancing and singing in it amid thousands of boiling springs, beautiful and awful, their basins arrayed in gorgeous colors like gigantic flowers; and hot paint pots, mud springs, mud volcanoes, mush and broth caldrons whose contents are of every color and consistency, splashing, heaving, roaring, in bewildering abundance.

4. In the adjacent mountains, beneath the living trees the edges of petrified forests are exposed to view, like specimens on the shelves of a museum, standing on ledges tier above tier where they grew, solemnly silent in rigid crystalline beauty after swaying in the winds thousands of centuries ago, opening marvelous views back into the years and climates and life of the past. Here, too, are

hills of sparkling crystals, hills of sulphur, hills of glass, hills of cinders and ashes, mountains of every style of architecture, icy or forested, mountains covered with honey-bloom sweet as Hymettus, mountains boiled soft like potatoes and colored like a sunset sky. A' that and a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that, nature has on show in the Yellowstone Park. Therefore it is called Wonderland, and thousands of tourists and travelers stream into it every summer, and wander about in it enchanted.

5. Fortunately, almost as soon as it was discovered it was dedicated and set apart for the benefit of the people, a piece of legislation that shines benignly amid the common dust-and-ashes history of the public domain, for which the world must thank Professor Hayden above all others; for he led the first scientific exploring party into it, described it, and with admirable enthusiasm urged Congress to preserve it.

6. As delineated in the year 1872, the park contained about 3344 square miles. On March 30, 1891, it was enlarged by the Yellowstone National Park Timber Reserve, and in December, 1897, by the Teton Forest Reserve; thus nearly doubling its original area, and extending the southern boundary far enough to take in the sublime Teton range and the famous pasture lands of the big Rocky Mountain game animals. The withdrawal of this large tract from the public domain did no harm to any one; for its height, 6000 to over 13,000 feet above the sea, and its thick mantle of volcanic rocks, prevent its ever being available for agricul-

ture or mining, while on the other hand its geographical position, reviving climate, and wonderful scenery combine to make it a grand health, pleasure, and study resort, — a gathering-place for travelers from all the world.

7. The national parks are not only withdrawn from sale and entry like the forest reservations, but are efficiently managed and guarded by small troops of United States cavalry, directed by the Secretary of the Interior. Under this care the forests are flourishing, protected from both ax and fire; and so, of course, are the shaggy beds of underbrush and the herbaceous vegetation. The so-called curiosities, also, are preserved, and the furred and feathered tribes, many of which, in danger of extinction a short time ago, are now increasing in numbers. . . .

8. This is the coolest and highest of the parks. Frosts occur every month of the year. Nevertheless, the tenderest tourist finds it warm enough in summer. The air is electric and full of ozone, healing, reviving, exhilarating, kept pure by frost and fire, while the scenery is wild enough to awaken the dead. It is a glorious place to grow in and rest in; camping on the shores of the lakes, in the warm openings of the woods golden with sunflowers, on the banks of the streams, by the snowy waterfalls, beside the exciting wonders or away from them in the scallops of the mountain walls sheltered from every wind, on smooth silky lawns enameled with gentians, up in the fountain hollows of the ancient glaciers between the peaks, where cool pools and brooks and gardens of precious plants charmingly embowered are never wanting,

and good rough rocks with every variety of cliff and scaur are invitingly near for outlooks and exercise.

9. From these lovely dens you may make excursions whenever you like into the middle of the park, where the geysers and hot springs are reeking and spouting in their beautiful basins, displaying an exuberance of color and strange motion and energy admirably calculated to surprise and frighten, charm and shake up, the least sensitive out of apathy into newness of life.

10. However orderly your excursions or aimless, again and again, amid the calmest, stillest scenery, you will be brought to a standstill, hushed and awe-stricken, before phenomena wholly new to you. Boiling springs and huge deep pools of purest green and azure water, thousands of them, are plashing and heaving in these high, cool mountains, as if a fierce furnace fire were burning beneath each one of them; and a hundred geysers, white torrents of boiling water and steam, like inverted waterfalls, are ever and anon rushing up out of the hot, black under-world.

11. Some of these ponderous geyser columns are as large as sequoias, — five to sixty feet in diameter, 150 to 300 feet high, — and are sustained at this great height with tremendous energy for a few minutes, or perhaps nearly an hour, standing rigid and erect, hissing, throbbing, booming, as if thunderstorms were raging beneath their roots, their sides roughened or fluted like the furrowed boles of trees, their tops dissolving in feathery branches, while the irised spray, like misty bloom, is at times blown aside, revealing the massive shafts shining

against a background of pine-covered hills. Some of them lean more or less, as if storm-bent, and instead of being round are flat or fan-shaped, issuing from irregular slits in silex pavements with radiate structure, the sunbeams sifting through them in ravishing splendor.

12. Some are broad and round-headed like oaks ; others are low and bunchy, branching near the ground like bushes ; and a few are hollow in the center like big daisies or water lilies. No frost cools them, snow never covers them nor lodges in their branches ; winter and summer they welcome alike ; all of them, of whatever form or size, faithfully rising and sinking in fairy rhythmic dance night and day, in all sorts of weather, at varying periods of minutes, hours, or weeks, growing up rapidly, uncontrollable as fate, tossing their pearly branches in the wind, bursting into bloom and vanishing like the frailest flowers,—plants of which nature raises hundreds or thousands of crops a year with no apparent exhaustion of the fiery soil.

13. The so-called geyser basins, in which this rare sort of vegetation is growing, are mostly open valleys on the central plateau that were eroded by glaciers after the greater volcanic fires had ceased to burn. Looking down over the forests as you approach them from the surrounding heights, you see a multitude of white columns, broad, reeking masses and irregular jets and puffs of misty vapor ascending from the bottom of the valley, or entangled like smoke among the neighboring trees, suggesting the factories of some busy town or the camp fires of an army.

14. These mark the position of each mush pot, paint

pot, hot spring and geyser, or gusher, as the Icelandic word means. And when you saunter into the midst of them over the bright sinter pavements, and see how pure and white and pearly gray they are in the shade of the mountains, and how radiant in the sunshine, you are fairly enchanted. So numerous they are and varied, nature seems to have gathered them from all the world as specimens of her rarest fountains, to show in one place what she can do. Over four thousand hot springs have been counted in the park, and a hundred geysers ; how many more there are, nobody knows.

15. These valleys at the heads of the great rivers may be regarded as laboratories and kitchens, in which, amid a thousand retorts and pots, we may see nature at work as chemist or cook, cunningly compounding an infinite variety of mineral messes ; cooking whole mountains : boiling and steaming flinty rocks to smooth paste and mush,—yellow, brown, red, pink, lavender, gray, and creamy white,—making the most beautiful mud in the world ; and distilling the most ethereal essences. Many of these pots and caldrons have been boiling thousands of years. Pots of sulphurous mush, stringy and lumpy, and pots of broth as black as ink, are tossed and stirred with constant care, and thin transparent essences, too pure and fine to be called water, are kept simmering gently in beautiful sinter cups and bowls that grow ever more beautiful the longer they are used.

16. In some of the spring basins, the waters, though still warm, are perfectly calm, and shine blandly in a sod of overleaning grass and flowers, as if they were thor-

oughly cooked at last, and set aside to settle and cool. Others are wildly boiling over as if running to waste, thousands of tons of the precious liquids being thrown into the air, to fall in scalding floods on the clean coral floor of the establishment, keeping on-lookers at a distance. Instead of holding limpid pale green or azure water, other pots and craters are filled with scalding mud, which is tossed up from three or four feet to thirty feet, in sticky, rank-smelling masses, with gasping, belching, thudding sounds, plastering the branches of neighboring trees; every flask, retort, hot spring, and geyser has something special in it, no two being the same in temperature, color, or composition.

17. In these natural laboratories one needs stout faith to feel at ease. The ground sounds hollow underfoot, and the awful subterranean thunder shakes one's mind as the ground is shaken, especially at night in the pale moonlight, or when the sky is overcast with storm clouds. In the solemn gloom, the geysers, dimly visible, look like monstrous dancing ghosts, and their wild songs and the earthquake thunder replying to the storms overhead seem doubly terrible, as if divine government were at an end.

18. But the trembling hills keep their places. The sky clears, the rosy dawn is reassuring, and up comes the sun like a god, pouring his faithful beams across the mountains and forest, lighting each peak and tree and ghostly geyser alike, and shining into the eyes of the reeking springs, clothing them with rainbow light, and dissolving the seeming chaos of darkness into varied

forms of harmony. The ordinary work of the world goes on. Gladly we see the flies dancing in the sunbeams, birds feeding their young, squirrels gathering nuts ; and hear the blessed ousel singing confidently in the shallows of the river, — most faithful evangel, calming every fear, reducing everything to love.

— From "THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY," April, 1898.

I. Definitions : (2) glā'cier (-shēr), an immense field or stream of ice formed in the region of perpetual snow, and moving slowly down a mountain slope or valley ; (3) ge'y'sēr, a boiling spring which throws forth, at intervals, jets of water or mud, driven up by the expansive power of steam ; (6) dē līn'ē ā tēd, outlined by drawings ; (7) hēr bā'ceous (-shūs), relating to herbs, — plants whose stems die, at least down to the ground, after blooming ; (9) ēx ū'bēr ançe, an overflowing quantity ; (9) āp'ā thỹ, want of feeling ; (11) sē quoi'ā, a species of pine known as "the big tree" of California ; (15) lāb ō rā tō'rỹ, the room in which a chemist, physicist, or naturalist performs his experiments ; (15) sīn'tēr, a loose form of silica deposited in cauliflower-like masses around geysers ; (18) qu'gel, the thrush.

II. Suggestions and Questions : The general suggestions given in connection with "The Grand Canyon" (see Lesson XVII) apply equally well here. Each is a description of the grand in nature, and like conditions are present in both.

In paragraph 4, explain the meaning of, "a' that and a' that, and twice as muckle's a' that." What language does it suggest ?

(1) How many national parks are there in the West and which is the largest ? (6) What is the approximate area of the Yellowstone National Park ? How does it compare in size with the State of New Jersey ? (8) Give all the conditions you can recall that make this park a great health resort. Try to bring to your mind all the beautiful pictures made, in the comparison of the geysers with the trees of the forest, in paragraphs 11 and 12. With whom is nature compared in paragraph 15 ? As a — she makes mush ; as a — she distills essences. What figure is this ? What is the feeling as you finish the 17th paragraph ? Why does the author add the 18th ?

HUMOROUS SELECTIONS.

XIX. REJOICING ON THE NEW YEAR COMING OF AGE.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb, essayist, was born in London in 1775, and died in Edmonton in 1834. He was one of the most brilliant, and, at the same time, one of the most thoughtful of humorists. He was an egotist; yet so pure was his heart and so unconscious his manner, that one delights in his egotism. He ever revealed himself. The most popular of his writings now are his "Tales from Shakespeare."

1. The Old Year being dead and the New Year coming of age, which he does by Calendar Law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty.

2. It was stiffly debated whether the Fast should be admitted. Some said that the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would prevent the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday, and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the

Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentlefolks home at night.

3. All the Days came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table, with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-Ninth of February. I should have told you that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours, twelve as merry little whirligig foot pages as you should desire to see, that went all round and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few such Movables who had lately shifted their quarters.

4. Well, they all met at last, Foul Days, Fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but Hail! fellow Day, — well met! brother Day — sister Day. Only Lady Day kept a little aloof and seemed somewhat scornful; yet some said Twelfth Day cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a queen on a frost cake all royal and glittering and Epiphanous. The rest came, some in green, some in white, — but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and Sunshiny Days helped them to change their stockings. Wedding Day was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. Pay Day came late as he always does, and Dooms Day sent word — he might be expected.

5. April Fool, as my young lord's jester, took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made

with it. He had stuck the Twenty-First of June next to the Twenty-Second of December, and the former looked like a maypole siding a marrowbone. Ash Wednesday got wedged in between Christmas and Lord Mayor's Days. How he laid about him ! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker.

6. At another part of the table, Shrove Tuesday was helping the Second of September to some broth—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a pheasant. The last of Lent was spunging upon Shrovetide's pancakes, which April Fool perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a good fry-day.

7. It beginning to grow a little dusk, Candlemas lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the Days, who protested against burning daylight. Then fair water was handed around in silver ewers, and the same lady was observed to take an unusual time in washing herself. May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, and promised to improve their farms and at the same time to abate their rents.

8. Then the young lord, in as few and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome and with a graceful turn singling out poor Twenty-Ninth of

February that had sat all this time mum, at the sideboard, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him, — which he drank accordingly, observing that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, — with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time removing the solitary Day from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board.

9. They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed who had the greatest number of followers, the Quarters Days said there could be no question as to that, for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But April Fool gave it in favor of the Forty Days before Easter, because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

10. Day being ended, the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats, and took their leaves. Lord Mayor's Day went off in a mist as usual, Shortest Day in a deep black Fog that wrapped the little gentleman all round like a hedgehog. Two Vigils (so watchmen are called in heaven) saw Christmas Day home, — they had been used to the business before. Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set off in.

I. Definitions: (1) fēs'tī valz, *times of feasting or celebration*; (2) mōr'tī fīed, *abased, humbled*; (3) vīg'īlz, *devotional watchings*;

(3) whrl'igig, *anything which whirls around*; (3) Shrōve' Tūeṣ'dāy, *the day before Lent*; (4) Lady Day, *the day of the annunciation of the Virgin Mary*; (4) Twelfth Day, *the twelfth day after Christmas*; (4) tif'fā nŷ, *made of a species of gauze, or very thin silk*; (4) ē pīph'ā-noūs, *pertaining to the festival celebrated on the sixth of January*; (4) Dōoms Day, *a day of sentence, day of death*; (5) bār'ōn of beef, *two sirloins not cut asunder at the backbone*; (7) Ēăn'dle mas Day, *the second of February, the day on which the candles for the altar are blessed*; (7) ew'ērṣ wide-mouthed pitchers.

XX. MR. WINKLE ON SKATES.

FROM "PICKWICK PAPERS," BY CHARLES DICKENS.

1. "Now," said Wardle, after lunch, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

2. "Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

3. "Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

4. "You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

5. "Ye-yes; oh, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I am *rather* out of practice."

6. "Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle!" said Arabella. "I like to see it *so* much!"

7. "Oh, it is so graceful!" said another young lady.

8. A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swanlike."

9. "I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

10. This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

11. Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a state of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

12. All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindu. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

13. "Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

14. "Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

15. "Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

16. This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore refer-

ence to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

17. "Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter, "come ! The ladies are all anxiety."

18. "Yes," replied Mr. Winkle with a ghastly smile, "I'm coming."

19. "Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off !"

20. "Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam ; you may have them, Sam."

21. "Thank 'e, sir," said Mr. Weller.

22. "Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam ; I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

23. "You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

24. "Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There, that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast !"

25. Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller in a very singular and unswanlike manner when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank : —

26. "Sam !"

27. "Sir ?" said Mr. Weller.

28. "Here ! I want you."

29. "Let go, sir," said Sam ; "don't you hear the governor calling ? Let go, sir !"

30. With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Winkle, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to him. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the skaters at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

31. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile ; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

32. "Are you hurt ?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

33. "Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

34. "I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

35. "No, thank you," said Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

36. "What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

37. Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off !"

38. "No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

39. "Take his skates off!" repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

40. The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey in silence.

41. "Let him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

42. Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and beckoning Winkle to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered, in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

43. "You're a humbug, sir!"

44. "A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

45. "A humbug, sir; I will speak plainer if you wish it, — an impostor, sir!"

46. With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his friends.

I. Note: "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," or "Pickwick Papers," from which the above extract is taken, is considered by many critics the greatest literary work of Charles Dickens. It was originally published in monthly parts, its first number appearing in 1836. It was hailed with delight, and the author was regarded by all readers as a writer of radiant humor. Everybody was merry over Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller. The book is worthy of a perusal. It pictures certain phases of English life of that time in a faithful and inimitable style.

II. Questions: What illustrations of the *humorous* do you find in "Mr. Winkle on Skates?" What lesson do you think Mr. Winkle learned from his experience with skates? Is it well for a person to assume knowledge or skill which he does not possess?

XXI. THE OWL-CRITIC.

BY JAMES T. FIELD.

1. "Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in
the shop;
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt ques-
tion;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

2. "Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the
neck is —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And can not be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

3. "I've studied owls,
 And other night fowls,
 And I tell you
 What I know to be true :
 An owl can not roost
 With his limbs so unloosed ;
 No owl in this world
 Ever had his claws curled,
 Ever had his legs slanted,
 Ever had his bill canted,
 Ever had his neck screwed
 Into that attitude.
 He can't do it, because
 'Tis against all bird laws.
 Anatomy teaches,
 Ornithology preaches,
 An owl has a toe
 That can't turn out so !
 I've made the white owl my study for years,
 And to see such a job almost moves me to tears !
 Mister Brown, I'm amazed
 You should be so gone crazed
 As to put up a bird
 In that posture absurd !
 To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;
 The man who stuffed him don't half know his
 business ! "

And the barber kept on shaving.

4. "Examine those eyes.
 I'm filled with surprise

Taxidermists should pass
 Off on you such poor glass ;
 So unnatural they seem
 They'd make Audubon scream,
 And John Burroughs laugh
 To encounter such chaff.
 Do take that bird down ;
 Have him stuffed again, Brown ! ”
 And the barber kept on shaving.

5. “ With some sawdust and bark
 I could stuff in the dark
 An owl better than that.
 I could make an old hat
 Look more like an owl
 Than that horrid fowl,
 Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
 In fact, about him there's not one natural feather.”
6. Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
 The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
 Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
 (Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
 And then fairly hooted, as if he should say :
 “ Your learning's at fault this time, anyway ;
 Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
 I'm an owl ; you're another. Sir Critic, good day ! ”
 And the barber kept on shaving.

I. Questions : Is this selection properly classified as “humorous” ? Wherein do you find anything humorous in it ?

XXII. THE COLD-WATER MAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

John Godfrey Saxe, poet and journalist, was born in Vermont, in 1816, and died in New York, in 1887. In 1843 he was admitted to the bar, but his fondness for literature soon led him into journalism. He was editor of the *Burlington Sentinel* for six years, and in it first appeared many of his poems. He was very popular before lyceums, and read some of his longer poems, as "The Money King" and "Progress," to delighted audiences. Besides his punning poems were many more serious ; as "I'm Growing Old," "Little Jerry," and "Treasures in Heaven."



JOHN G. SAXE.

1. It was an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well,—
And he lived by a little pond,
Within a little dell.
2. A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod,—
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.
3. For science and for books, he said
He never had a wish,—
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a school of fish.

4. He ne'er aspired to rank or wealth,
Nor cared about a name, —
For though much famed for fish was he,
He never fished for fame.
5. Let others bend their necks at sight
Of Fashion's gilded wheels,
He ne'er had learned the art to "bob"
For anything but eels.
6. A cunning fisherman was he,
His angles all were right;
The smallest nibble at his bait
Was sure to prove "a bite."
7. All day this fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog;
8. With all the seeming innocence,
And that unconscious look,
That other people often wear
When they intend to "hook."
9. To charm the fish he never spoke, —
Although his voice was fine,
He found the most convenient way
Was just to drop a line.
10. And many a gudgeon of the pond,
If they could speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty taking way.

11. Alas ! one day this fisherman
 Had taken too much grog,
 And being but a landsman, too,
 He couldn't keep the log.
12. 'Twas all in vain with might and main
 He strove to reach the shore ;
 Down — down he went, to feed the fish
 He'd baited oft before.
13. The jury gave their verdict that
 'Twas nothing else but gin
 Had caused the fisherman to be
 So sadly taken in ;
14. Though one stood out upon a whim,
 And said the angler's slaughter,
 To be exact about the fact,
 Was, clearly, *gin-and-water* !
15. The moral of this mournful tale,
 To all is plain and clear, —
 That drinking habits bring a man
 Too often to his bier ;
16. And he who scorns to "take the pledge,"
 And keep the promise fast,
 May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*
 Cold-water man at last !

I. Note : John G. Saxe is the Thomas Hood of America ; and his "Cold-Water Man" and "The Briefless Barrister" are as rich in

punning wit as are Hood's "Faithless Sally Brown" and "Nellie Gray."

The *pun* is not the highest form of wit, but, when it is skillfully employed, it adds greatly to the gayety of a company. In this poem there is a double meaning in some phrase of nearly every stanza. Look out for it, and give the direct and implied meaning.

XXIII. EARLY RISING.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

1. "God bless the man who first invented sleep !"
 So Sancho Panza said, and so say I ;
 And bless him also that he didn't keep
 His great discovery to himself, nor try
 To make it — as the lucky fellow might —
 A close monopoly by patent right.

2. "Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
 Observes some solemn, sentimental owl.
 Maxims like these are very cheaply said ;
 But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
 Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
 And whether larks have any beds at all.

3. The time for honest folks to be abed
 Is in the morning, if I reason right ;
 And he who can not keep his precious head
 Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
 And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
 Is up to knavery, or else — he drinks.

4. Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
 It was a glorious thing to rise in season ;
 But then, he said it — lying — in his bed
 At ten o'clock A.M. — the very reason
 He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
 His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

5. 'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake, —
 Awake to duty and awake to truth ;
 But when, alas ! a nice review we take
 Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
 The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
 Are those we passed in childhood — or asleep.

6. So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
 I like the lad who, when his father thought
 To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
 Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
 Cried, "Served him right ! it's not at all surprising !—
 The worm was punished, sir, for early rising."

I. Note: (4) James Thomson, a British poet; born in Scotland in 1700 and died in England in 1748. "The Seasons" is the title of his best-known poem.

II. Questions and Suggestion: (1) Who was Sancho Panza and in what famous book can you read of him?

(1) What is meant by the phrase, "a close monopoly by patent right"?

(2) "Some solemn, sentimental owl," — what figure of speech is here used?

(6) What is the "hackneyed phrase" referred to in this stanza? Point out what you consider humorous in this selection.

READINGS FROM BOOKS OF HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

XXIV. COLUMBUS AT THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.



WASHINGTON IRVING.

To Washington Irving rightly belongs the title of "Founder of American Literature." He introduced American literature to the "Mother Country" and, after the publication of "The Sketch Book" in 1819, no Englishman asked, "Who reads an American book?" Born in 1783, while the British troops still held possession of his native city, New York, he lived till near the close of 1859; so that he connects Revolutionary times with those just before the opening of the Civil War. His first book, a humorous history of New York, was published in 1809, and the last of his writings, the last volume of "The Life of Washington," appeared a little while before his death at "Sunnyside"; so that his literary life extended through just a half century. Irving displays a pleasing fancy, a delicious humor, and a singular felicity of style. One can not go amiss in reading any of his numerous volumes. This selection is from "The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus."

1. About half a league from the little seaport of Palos in Andalusia there stood, and continues to stand at the present day, an ancient convent of Franciscan friars, dedicated to Santa Maria la Rabida. One day a stranger on

foot, in humble guise but of a distinguished air, accompanied by a small boy, stopped at the gate of the convent, and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child.

2. While receiving this humble refreshment, the prior of the convent, Juan Perez, happening to pass by, was struck with the appearance of the stranger, and observing from his air and accent that he was a foreigner, entered into conversation with him, and soon learned the particulars of his story. That stranger was Columbus. He was on his way to the neighboring town to seek his brother-in-law, who had married a sister of his deceased wife.

3. The prior was a man of extensive information. His attention had been turned in some measure to geographical and nautical science, probably from his vicinity to Palos, the inhabitants of which were among the most enterprising navigators of Spain, and made frequent voyages to the recently discovered islands and countries on the African coast.

He was greatly interested by the conversation of Columbus, and struck with the grandeur of his views. It was a remarkable occurrence in the monotonous life of the cloister, to have a man of such singular character, intent on so extraordinary an enterprise, applying for bread and water at the gate of his convent.

4. When he found, however, that the voyager was on the point of abandoning Spain to seek patronage in the court of France, and that so important an enterprise was about to be lost forever to the country, the patriotism of the good friar took the alarm. He detained Columbus as

his guest, and, diffident of his own judgment, sent for a scientific friend to converse with him.

5. That friend, a physician resident in Palos, was equally struck with the appearance and conversation of the stranger; several conferences took place at the convent, at which several of the veteran mariners of Palos were present. Among these was Martin Pinzon, the head of a family of wealthy and experienced navigators of the place, celebrated for their adventurous expeditions. Facts were related by some of these navigators in support of the theory of Columbus.



LA RABIDA.

6. In a word, his project was treated with a deference in the quiet cloisters of La Rabida, and among the seafaring men of Palos, which had been sought in vain among the sages and philosophers of the court. Martin Pinzon especially was so convinced of its feasibility that he offered to engage in it with purse and person, and to bear the expenses of Columbus in a renewed application to the court.

7. Friar Juan Perez was confirmed in his faith by the concurrence of those learned and practical councillors. He had once been confessor to the queen, and knew that she was always accessible to persons of his sacred calling.

He proposed to write to her immediately on the subject, and entreated Columbus to delay his journey until an answer could be received. The latter was easily persuaded, for he felt as if, in leaving Spain, he was again abandoning his home. He was also reluctant to renew in another court the vexations and disappointments experienced in Spain and Portugal.

8. The little council at the convent of La Rabida now cast round their eyes for an ambassador to depart upon this momentous mission. They chose a pilot, one of the most shrewd and important personages in this maritime neighborhood. The queen was at this time at the military city of Santa Fé. There he found access to the benignant princess, and delivered the epistle of the friar.

9. Isabella had always been favorably disposed to the proposition of Columbus. She wrote in reply to Juan Perez, thanking him for his timely services, and requesting that he would repair immediately to the court, leaving Christopher Columbus in confident hope until he should hear further from her. This royal letter was brought back by the pilot at the end of fourteen days, and spread great joy in the little junto at the convent.

10. No sooner did the warm-hearted friar receive it, than he saddled his mule, and departed privately, before midnight, for the court. He journeyed through the conquered countries of the Moors, and rode into the newly erected city of Santa Fé, where the sovereigns were superintending the close investment of the capital of Granada.

11. The sacred office of Juan Perez gained him a ready

entrance in a court distinguished for religious zeal ; and, once admitted to the presence of the queen, his former relation, as father confessor, gave him great freedom of counsel. He pleaded the cause of Columbus with characteristic enthusiasm, speaking from actual knowledge of his honorable motives, his professional knowledge and experience, and his perfect capacity to fulfill the undertaking ; he represented the solid principles upon which the enterprise was founded, the advantage that must attend its success, and the glory it must shed upon the Spanish crown.

12. It is probable that Isabella had never heard the proposition urged with such honest zeal and impressive eloquence. Being naturally more sanguine and susceptible than the king, and more open to warm and generous impulses, she was moved by the representations of Juan Perez. The queen requested that Columbus might be again sent to her, and, with the kind considerateness which characterized her, bethinking herself of his poverty, and his humble plight, ordered that money should be forwarded to him, to bear his traveling expenses, to provide him with a mule for his journey, and to furnish him with decent raiment, that he might make a respectable appearance at the court.

13. The worthy friar lost no time in communicating the result of his mission ; he transmitted the money, and a letter, by the hands of an inhabitant of Palos, to his friend the physician, who delivered them to Columbus. The latter complied with the instructions conveyed in the epistle. He exchanged his threadbare garb for one more

sued to the sphere of a court, and, purchasing a mule, set out once more, reanimated by hopes, for the camp before Granada.

I. Definitions: (3) *nəu'ti eal*, pertaining to the art of sailing; (3) *mō nōt'ō nōūs*, without change or variety; (4) *dīf'fī dent*, distrustful, doubtful; (5) *vēt'ēr an*, one who has had long experience in any service or art, particularly in the army or navy; (6) *dēf'ēr ençe*, respect, regard; (6) *fēa ǵī bīl'i tŷ*, possibility of being done; (7) *ǣ çēs'sǣ ble*, easy of approach; (8) *ǣm bās'sā dōr*, an official messenger or representative; (8) *mār'i tīme*, connected with the sea by site, interest, or power; (8) *bē-nīg'nant*, kind, gracious; (9) *jūn'tō*, a secret council; (11) *eā pāç'i tŷ*, ability; (12) *sǣn'guine* (-gwin), confident, full of hope.

II. Notes: (1) A league is a measure of length or distance, varying in different countries. It is used as a land measure chiefly on the continent of Europe and in Spanish America. The English land league is equal to three English miles. The Spanish and French leagues vary in each country. The Dutch and German leagues contain about four English miles.

(1) *Ān dā lŷ si'a* (-thē'ā) is a large fertile region in the southern part of Spain. It has a soft, delicious climate, and its soil is very productive.

(1) A convent, or *mōn'ās tēr ŷ*, is a building where those people live who have given up the ordinary life of the world and devoted themselves to religion. The person highest in authority in a convent is called an Abbot, and next to him in rank is the Prior. The cloister is the inner court of the convent, appropriated especially to the use of the monks. The male members of a convent are called monks, and the female members nuns. The monks are called also friars, and a Franciscan friar belongs to the order founded by Francis of *Ās sī'ǵī*, in the thirteenth century.

(1) The convent of *Sān'tā Mā rī'a lā Rā bī'dā* was made historic by this visit of Columbus, and a facsimile of it was on exhibition at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

III. Suggestions on expressive reading: This selection should be read in moderate time, with pauses of some length, and the words should flow along as smoothly as the water in a gentle stream.

XXV. RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS AFTER DISCOVERING THE NEW WORLD.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. The triumphant return of Columbus from his first voyage to the New World was a prodigious event in the history of the little port of Palos, where everybody was more or less interested in the fate of his expedition. The most important and wealthy sea captains of the place had engaged in it, and scarcely a family but had some relative or friend among the navigators.

2. Great was the agitation of the inhabitants, therefore, when they beheld one of the ships standing up the river; but when they learned that she returned in triumph from the discovery of a world, the whole community broke forth into transports of joy. The bells were rung, the shops shut, all business was suspended: for a time there was nothing but hurry and tumult. Some were anxious to know the fate of a relative, others of a friend, and all to learn the particulars of so wonderful a voyage.

3. When Columbus landed, the multitude thronged to see and welcome him, and a grand procession was formed to the principal church, to return thanks to God for so signal a discovery made by the people of that place — forgetting, in their exultation, the thousand difficulties they had thrown in the way of the enterprise. Wherever Columbus passed, he was hailed with shouts and acclamations. What a contrast to his departure a few months before, followed by murmurs and execra-

tions; or, rather, what a contrast to his first arrival at Palos, a poor pedestrian, craving bread and water for his child at the gate of a convent!

4. Understanding that the court was at Barcelona, he felt disposed to proceed thither immediately in his caravel; reflecting, however, on the dangers and disasters he had already experienced on the seas, he resolved to proceed by land. He despatched a letter to the king and queen, informing them of his arrival, and soon afterward departed for Seville to await their orders, taking with him six of the natives whom he had brought from the New World.

5. The letter of Columbus to the Spanish monarchs had produced the greatest sensation at court. The event he announced was considered the most extraordinary of their prosperous reign, and following so close upon the conquest of Granada, was pronounced a signal mark of divine favor for that triumph achieved in the cause of the true faith. The sovereigns themselves were for a time dazzled by this sudden and easy acquisition of a new empire, of indefinite extent, and apparently boundless wealth; and their first idea was to secure it beyond the reach of dispute.

6. Shortly after his arrival in Seville, Columbus received a letter from them expressing their great delight, and requesting him to repair immediately to court, to concert plans for a second and more extensive expedition. This letter was addressed to him by the title of "Don Christopher Columbus, our admiral of the ocean sea, and viceroy and governor of the islands

discovered in the Indies;" at the same time he was promised still further rewards.

7. Columbus lost no time in complying with the commands of the sovereigns. He sent a memorandum of the ships, men, and munitions requisite, and having made such dispositions at Seville as circumstances permitted, set out for Barcelona, taking with him the six Indians, and the various curiosities and productions brought from the New World.

8. The fame of his discovery had resounded throughout the nation, and as his route lay through several of the finest and most populous provinces of Spain, his journey appeared like the progress of a sovereign. Wherever he passed the country poured forth its inhabitants, who lined the road and thronged the villages. The streets, windows, and balconies of the towns were filled with eager spectators, who rent the air with acclamations.

9. About the middle of April, 1493, Columbus arrived at Barcelona, where every preparation had been made to give him a solemn and magnificent reception. His entrance into this noble city has been compared to one of those triumphs which the Romans were accustomed to decree to conquerors. First were paraded the Indians, painted according to their savage fashion, and decorated with their national ornaments of gold. After these were borne various kinds of live parrots, together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species.

10. After this, followed Columbus on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry.

The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; the very roofs were covered with spectators. It seemed as if the public eye could not be sated with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world; or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. There was a sublimity in this event that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy.

11. To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public in a vast and splendid saloon. Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, seated in state, and attended by the dignitaries of their court, and the principal nobility of Spain, all impatient to behold the man who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation.

12. At length Columbus entered the hall, surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers. He was conspicuous for his stately and commanding person, which with his countenance, rendered venerable by his gray hairs, gave him the august appearance of a senator of Rome; a modest smile lighted up his features, showing that he enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, and conscious of having greatly deserved, than these testimonials of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, or rather of a world.

13. As Columbus approached the sovereigns rose, as if receiving a person of the highest rank. At their request, he now gave an account of the most striking events of his voyage, and a description of the islands discovered.

He displayed specimens of unknown birds and other animals, of rare plants, of native gold in dust and in crude masses, and, above all, the natives of these countries, who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest. All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries yet to be made, which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith.

14. When he had finished, the sovereigns sank on their knees, and raising their clasped hands to heaven, their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence ; all present following their example ; a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded that splendid assembly, and prevented all common acclamations of triumph.

15. When Columbus retired from the royal presence, he was attended to his residence by all the court, and followed by the shouting populace. For many days he was the object of universal curiosity, and wherever he appeared was surrounded by an admiring multitude. While his mind was teeming with glorious anticipations, his pious scheme for the deliverance of the holy sepulcher was not forgotten. It has been shown that he suggested it to the Spanish sovereigns at the time of first making his propositions, holding it forth as the great object to be effected by the profits of his discoveries.

16. Flushed with the idea of the vast wealth now to accrue to himself, he made a vow to furnish within seven years an army, consisting of four thousand horse and

fifty thousand foot, for the rescue of the holy sepulcher, and a similar force within the five following years. This vow was recorded in one of his letters to the sovereigns, to which he refers, but which is no longer extant; nor is it certain whether it was made at the end of his first voyage or at a subsequent date, when the magnitude and wealthy result of his discoveries became more fully manifest.

17. It is essential to a full comprehension of the character and motives of Columbus, that this visionary project should be borne in recollection. It will be found to have entwined itself in his mind with his enterprise of discovery, and that a holy crusade was to be the consummation of those divine purposes, for which he considered himself selected by Heaven as an agent. It shows how much his mind was elevated above selfish and mercenary views—how it was filled with those devout and heroic schemes, which in the time of the Crusades had inflamed the thoughts and directed the enterprises of the bravest warriors and most illustrious princes.

I. Definitions: (1) *prô di'giouš, marvelous, wonderful*; (3) *si'g'nal, remarkable*; (3) *ëx ê erā'tions, curses*; (5) *æ quī si'tion, gain, acquirement*; (7) *mū nī'tions, military stores of all kinds*; (7) *req'ui site (rëk'-wīzīt), necessary*; (10) *eäv'al eāde, a procession of persons on horseback*; (10) *chīv'al rÿ, a body or order of cavaliers or knights serving on horseback, illustrious warriors*; (10) *sā'tëd, satisfied*; (11) *in eāl'eū lā-ble, beyond counting up, very great*; (13) *in ëx hæust'i ble, unfailing*; (13) *här'bīn gërš, forerunners*; (13) *prôs'ê lÿtes, converts*; (17) *vis'ion-ä rÿ (vīzh-), imaginary, not real*.

II. Notes: (4) *Bär çe lō'nä* and *Sëv'ille* are large and famous cities of Spain.

(4) The *caravel* of the sixteenth century was a small vessel with broad bows, high, narrow upper decks, and three-cornered sails, called lateen sails. Columbus commanded three caravels on his great voyage.

III. Suggestions on expressive reading: This lesson is in marked contrast with "Columbus at the Convent of La Rabida." There we saw a man under the depression of repeated disappointments, poor and sick, and asking bread for his son from the friars. Here is the same man, flushed with the victory of a great discovery, surrounded by applauding crowds, and his king and queen rising from their chairs of state to greet his return. Express your appreciation of this change by swifter movement, fuller tones, and shorter pauses. Imagine yourself at the scene and now telling others of it.

XXVI. A LETTER BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

1. Knowing that it will afford you pleasure to learn that I have brought my undertaking to a successful termination, I have decided upon writing you this letter to acquaint you with all the events which have occurred in my voyage, and the discoveries which have resulted from it. Thirty-three days after my departure from Cadiz I reached the Indian sea, where I discovered many islands, thickly peopled, of which I took possession without resistance in the name of our most illustrious Monarchs, by public proclamation and with unfurled banners. To the first of these islands, which is called by the Indians Guanahani, I gave the name of the blessed Savior (San Salvador), relying upon whose protection I had reached this as well as the other islands.

2. As soon as we arrived at that, which as I have said was named Juana, I proceeded along its coast a short distance westward, and found it to be so large and

apparently without termination, that I could not suppose it to be an island, but the continental province of Cathay.

In the meantime I had learned from some Indians whom I had seized, that country was certainly an island ; and therefore I sailed toward the east, coasting to the distance of three hundred and twenty-two miles, which brought us to the extremity of it ; from this point I saw lying eastwards another island, fifty-four miles distant from Juana, to which I gave the name Española.

3. All these islands are very beautiful, and distinguished by a diversity of scenery ; they are filled with a great variety of trees of immense height, and which I believe to retain their foliage in all seasons ; for when I saw them they were as verdant and luxurious as they usually are in Spain in the month of May,—some of them were blossoming, some bearing fruit, and all flourishing in the greatest perfection, according to their respective stages of growth, and the nature and quality of each ; yet the islands are not so thickly wooded as to be impassable. The nightingale and various birds were singing in countless numbers, and that in November, the month in which I arrived there.

4. The inhabitants are very simple and honest, and exceedingly liberal with all they have ; none of them refusing anything he may possess when he is asked for it, but on the contrary inviting us to ask them. They exhibit great love toward all others in preference to themselves : they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with very little or nothing in return. I, however, forbade that these trifles and articles

of no value (such as pieces of dishes, plates, and glass, keys, and leather straps) should be given to them, although, if they could obtain them, they imagined themselves to be possessed of the most beautiful trinkets in the world. It even happened that a sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles, and for things of more trifling value offered by our men, especially newly coined blancas, or any gold coins, the Indians would give whatever the seller required.

5. On my arrival I had taken some Indians by force from the first island that I came to, in order that they might learn our language. These men are still traveling with me, and although they have been with us now a long time, they continue to entertain the idea that I have descended from heaven; and on our arrival at any new place they published this, crying out immediately with a loud voice to the other Indians, "Come, come and look upon beings of a celestial race": upon which both men and women, children and adults, young men and old, when they got rid of the fear they at first entertained, would come out in throngs, crowding the roads to see us, some bringing food, others drink, with astonishing affection and kindness.

6. Although all I have related may appear to be wonderful and unheard of, yet the results of my voyage would have been more astonishing if I had had at my disposal such ships as I required. But these great and marvelous results are not to be attributed to any merit of mine, but to the holy Christian faith, and to the piety and religion of our Sovereigns; for that which the un-

aided intellect of man could not compass, the spirit of God has granted to human exertions, for God is wont to hear the prayers of his servants who love his precepts even to the performance of apparent impossibilities.

7. Thus it has happened to me in the present instance, who have accomplished a task to which the powers of mortal men had never hitherto attained ; for if there have been those who have anywhere written or spoken of these islands, they have done so with doubts and conjectures, and no one has ever asserted that he has seen them, on which account their writings have been looked upon as little else than fables. Therefore let the king and queen, our princes and their most happy kingdoms, and all the other provinces of Christendom, render thanks to our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who has granted us so great a victory and such prosperity.

I. Notes: The letter was written by Columbus in 1493. It was addressed to Lord Raphael Sanchez, who was treasurer to Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain. Columbus supposed that he had sailed near Asia; (1) the island which he called *Gua na ha ni* (*Gwā nā ä nī'*) is probably Watkins Island. (2) *Ju än'a* (*Hōō-*) is now Cuba, and (2) *Es pan o'la* (*Ēs pān yō'lā*) is San Domingo.

(4) A *noble* is a piece of money of about a dollar and sixty-five cents value. (4) A *blanca* is a small silver coin, worth about nine cents.

II. Suggestions on expressive reading: The reading of this letter must impress one with the piety of Columbus and his sense of the true mission of life,—service in sacred things. Yet it is a suggestion of the low sense of honor among men of his time that he tells, without excuse, of his seizure of trustful Indians, because he wanted to make use of them.

Read this letter as you would one from a friend. It is simple in diction and breathes an air of honesty.

XXVII. FUR TRADERS IN THE NORTHWEST.

FROM CHAPTER I OF "ASTORIA," BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. Two leading objects of commercial gain have given birth to wide and daring enterprise in the early history of the Americas: the precious metals of the south, and the rich peltries of the north. While the fiery and magnificent Spaniard, inflamed with the mania for gold, has extended his discoveries and conquests over those brilliant countries scorched by the ardent sun of the tropics, the adroit and buoyant Frenchman, and the cool and calculating Briton, have pursued the less splendid, but no less lucrative, traffic in furs amid the hyperborean regions of the Canadas, until they have advanced even within the Arctic circle.

2. These two pursuits have thus, in a manner, been the pioneers and precursors of civilization. Without pausing on the borders, they have penetrated at once, in defiance of difficulties and dangers, to the heart of savage countries: laying open the hidden secrets of the wilderness; leading the way to remote regions of beauty and fertility that might have remained unexplored for ages, and beckoning after them the slow and pausing steps of agriculture and civilization.

3. It was the fur trade, in fact, which gave early sustenance and vitality to the great Canadian provinces. Being destitute of the precious metals, at that time the leading objects of American enterprise, they were long neglected by the parent country. The French adventurers, however, who had settled on the banks of the St.

Lawrence, soon found that in the rich peltries of the interior, they had sources of wealth that might almost rival the mines of Mexico and Peru.

4. The Indians, as yet unacquainted with the artificial value given to some descriptions of furs, in civilized life, brought quantities of the most precious kinds and bartered them away for European trinkets and cheap commodities. Immense profits were thus made by the early traders, and the traffic was pursued with avidity.

5. As the valuable furs soon became scarce in the neighborhood of the settlements, the Indians of the vicinity were stimulated to take a wider range in their hunting expeditions; they were generally accompanied on these expeditions by some of the traders or their dependents, who shared in the toils and perils of the chase, and at the same time made themselves acquainted with the best hunting and trapping grounds, and with the remote tribes, whom they encouraged to bring their peltries to the settlements. In this way the trade augmented, and was drawn from remote quarters to Montreal.

6. Every now and then a large body of Ottawas, Hurons, and other tribes who hunted the countries bordering on the Great Lakes, would come down in a squadron of light canoes, laden with beaver skins, and other spoils of their year's hunting. The canoes would be unladen, taken on shore, and their contents disposed in order.

7. Now would ensue a brisk traffic with the merchants, and all Montreal would be alive with naked Indians running from shop to shop, bargaining for arms, kettles,

knives, axes, blankets, bright-colored cloths, and other articles of use or fancy ; upon all which, says an old French writer, the merchants were sure to clear at least two hundred per cent. There was no money used in this traffic, and, after a time, all payment in spirituous liquors was prohibited, in consequence of the frantic and frightful excesses and bloody brawls which they were apt to occasion.

8. A new and anomalous class of men gradually grew out of this trade. These were called *coureurs des bois*, rangers of the woods ; originally men who had accompanied the Indians in their hunting expeditions, and made themselves acquainted with remote tracks and tribes ; and who now became, as it were, peddlers of the wilderness. These men would set out from Montreal with canoes well stocked with goods, with arms and ammunition, and would make their way up the mazy and wandering rivers that interlace the vast forests of the Canadas, coasting the most remote lakes, and creating new wants and habitudes among the natives. Sometimes they sojourned for months among them, assimilating to their tastes and habits with the happy facility of Frenchmen ; adopting in some degree the Indian dress, and not unfrequently taking to themselves Indian wives.

9. Many of these *coureurs des bois* became so accustomed to the Indian mode of living and the perfect freedom of the wilderness, that they lost all relish for civilization, and identified themselves with the savages among whom they dwelt, or could only be distinguished from them by superior licentiousness. Their conduct and

example gradually corrupted the natives and impeded the works of the Catholic missionaries who were at this time prosecuting their pious labors in the wilds of Canada.

10. At length it was found necessary to establish fortified posts at the confluence of the rivers and the lakes for the protection of the trade and the restraint of these profligates of the wilderness. The most important of these was at Mackinac, situated at the strait of the same name which connects Lakes Huron and Michigan. It became the great interior mart and place of deposit, and some of the regular merchants who prosecuted the trade in person under their licenses formed establishments here. This, too, was a rendezvous for the rangers of the woods, as well those who came up with goods from Montreal as those who returned with peltries from the interior. Here new expeditions were fitted out and took their departure for Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, Lake Superior and the northwest, and here the peltries brought in return were embarked for Montreal.

11. In 1762 the French lost possession of Canada, and the trade fell principally into the hands of British subjects. For a time, however, it shrunk within narrow limits. The old *coureurs des bois* were broken up and dispersed, or, where they could be met with, were slow to accustom themselves to the habits and manners of their British employers. They missed the freedom, indulgence, and familiarity of the old French trading houses, and did not relish the sober exactness, reserve, and method of the newcomers. The British traders, too, were ignorant of the country and distrustful of the natives. They had

reason to be so. The treacherous and bloody affairs of Detroit and Mackinac showed them the lurking hostility cherished by the savages, who had too long been taught by the French to regard them as enemies.

12. It was not until the year 1766 that the trade regained its old channels ; but it was then pursued with much avidity and emulation by individual merchants, and soon transcended its former bounds. Expeditions were fitted out by various persons from Montreal and Mackinac, and rivalships and jealousies of course ensued. The trade was injured by their artifices to outbid and undermine each other ; the Indians were debauched by the sale of spirituous liquors, which had been prohibited under the French rule. Scenes of drunkenness, brutality, and brawl were the consequence in the Indian villages and around the trading houses, while bloody feuds took place between rival trading parties when they happened to encounter each other in the lawless depths of the wilderness.

13. To put an end to these sordid and ruinous contentions, several of the principal merchants of Montreal entered into a partnership in the winter of 1783, which was augmented by amalgamation with a rival company in 1787. Thus was created the famous "Northwest Company," which for a time held a lordly sway over the wintry lakes and boundless forests of the Canadas almost equal to that of the East India Company over the voluptuous climes and magnificent realms of the Orient.

14. The company consisted of twenty-three shareholders or partners, but held in its employ about two thousand persons as clerks, guides, interpreters, and "voyageurs," or

boatmen. These were distributed at various trading posts established far and wide on the interior lakes and rivers, at immense distances from each other, and in the heart of trackless countries and savage tribes. Several of the partners resided in Montreal and Quebec to manage the main concerns of the company.

15. The goods destined for this wide and wandering traffic were put up at the warehouses of the company in Montreal, and conveyed in boats and canoes up the river Ottawa, which falls into the St. Lawrence near Montreal, and by other rivers and portages to Lake Huron, Lake Superior, and thence by several chains of great and small lakes to Lake Winnipeg, Lake Athabasca, and the Great Slave Lake. This singular and beautiful system of internal seas which renders an immense region of wilderness so accessible to the frail bark of the Indian or the trader, was studded by the remote posts of the company, where they carried on their traffic with the surrounding tribes.

I. Definitions: (1) eöm mēr'cial (-shal), *mercantile*; (1) pël'triēs, *skins of animals with the fur on them*; (1) mǎ'nī ā, *madness, frenzy*; (1) ā droit', *skillful, clever*; (1) buoy'ant (boi-), *lively, light-hearted*; (1) lū'erā tive, *gainful, profitable*; (1) hÿ pēr bō'rē an, *very far north, or most northern, very cold*; (2) pī ò neers', *those who go first into a new country to make homes*; (2) prē eūr'sōrs, *forerunners, harbingers*; (4) ā vīd'i tÿ, *eagerness*; (5) aüg mēnt'ēd, *increased*; (8) ā nōm'ā lōūs, *unlike the ordinary, irregular*; (8) cou'reurs de bois (kōō'rūr dā bwā), *rangers of the woods*; (8) mǎ'zÿ, *winding*; (8) īn tēr lāçe', *intertwine*; (8) ās sīn'i lā tīng, *growing to be alike, resembling*; (8) fā çīl'i tÿ, *ease*; (9) ī dēn'ti fied, *united*; (9) lī çēn'tious nēss (-shūs-), *lawlessness, immorality*; (10) eōn'flū ençe, *the meeting or junction of two or more streams*; (10) rēn'dēz vōus, *an appointed meeting place*; (12) ār'ti fiç ēs, *tricks*,

crafty devices; (13) á mál gá mǎ'tion, *union*; (13) vǒ lǔp'tǔ oũs, *luxurious, delightful*.

II. Note: The opening up of the fur trade in the United States was an important factor in the development of the great Northwest. Had there been no John Jacob Astor, Oregon and Washington might have become possessions of the English; indeed as it was, they came very near passing into British hands. For the part Astor played in transferring the fur industry from foreign into American channels, read the following lesson, and also "Astoria."

XXVIII. EXPLORING THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

FROM "ASTORIA," BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

1. While various companies were pushing their enterprises far and wide in the wilds of Canada, and along the course of the great western waters, other adventurers, intent on the same objects, were traversing the watery wastes of the Pacific and skirting the northwest coast of America. The last voyage of that renowned but unfortunate discoverer, Captain Cook, had made known the vast quantities of the sea otter to be found along that coast, and the immense prices to be obtained for its fur in China. It was as if a new gold coast had been discovered. Individuals from various countries dashed into this lucrative traffic, so that in the year 1792 there were twenty-one vessels under different flags, plying along the coast and trading with the natives. The greater part of them were American, and owned by Boston merchants.

2. Among the American ships which traded along the northwest coast in 1792, was the *Columbia*, Captain Gray, of Boston. In the course of her voyage she discovered the mouth of a large river in lat. 46° 19' north. Enter-

ing it with some difficulty, on account of sand bars and breakers, she came to anchor in a spacious bay. A boat was well manned, and sent on shore to a village on the beach, but all the inhabitants fled excepting the aged and infirm. The kind manner in which these were treated, and the presents given to them, gradually lured back the others, and a friendly intercourse took place. They had never seen a ship or a white man. When they had first descried the *Columbia*, they had supposed it a floating island; then some monster of the deep; but when they saw the boat putting for shore with human beings on board, they considered them cannibals sent by the Great Spirit to ravage the country and devour the inhabitants.

3. Captain Gray did not ascend the river farther than the bay, which continues to bear his name. After putting to sea he fell in with the celebrated discoverer, Vancouver, and informed him of his discovery, furnishing him with a chart which he had made of the river. Vancouver visited the river, and his lieutenant explored it by the aid of Captain Gray's chart; ascending it upward of one hundred miles, until within view of a snowy mountain, to which he gave the name of Mount Hood, which it still retains.

4. The existence of this river, however, was known long before the visits of Gray and Vancouver, but the information concerning it was vague and indefinite, being gathered from the reports of the Indians. It was spoken of by travelers as the Oregon, and as the great river of the West. A Spanish ship is said to have been wrecked at the mouth, several of the crew of which lived for some

time among the natives. The *Columbia*, however, is believed to be the first ship that made a regular discovery and anchored within its waters, and it has since generally borne the name of that vessel.

5. In the meantime the attention of the American government was attracted to the northwest, and the memorable expedition under Messrs. Lewis and Clarke fitted out. These gentlemen, in 1804, accomplished the enterprise which had been projected. They ascended the Missouri, passed through the stupendous gates of the Rocky Mountains, hitherto unknown to white men; discovered and explored the upper waters of the Columbia, and followed that river down to its mouth, where their countryman, Gray, had anchored about twelve years previously.

Here they passed the winter, and returned across the mountains in the following spring. The reports published by them of their expedition demonstrated the practicability of establishing a line of communication across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

6. It was then that the idea presented itself to the mind of Mr. Astor, of grasping with his individual hand this great enterprise, which for years had been dubiously yet desirously contemplated by powerful associations and maternal governments. For some time he revolved the idea in his mind, gradually extending and maturing his plans as his means of executing them augmented.

7. The main feature of his scheme was to establish a line of trading posts along the Missouri and the Columbia, to the mouth of the latter, where was to be founded

the chief trading house or mart. Inferior posts would be established in the interior, and on all the tributary streams of the Columbia, to trade with the Indians ; these posts would draw their supplies from the main establishment, and bring to it the peltries they collected.

8. Coasting craft would be built and fitted out, also, at the mouth of the Columbia, to trade, at favorable seasons, all along the northwest coast, and return, with the proceeds of their voyages, to this place of deposit. Thus all the Indian trade, both of the interior and the coast, would converge to this point, and thence derive its sustenance. A ship was to be sent annually from New York to this main establishment with reënforcements and supplies, and with merchandise suited to the trade. It would take on board the furs collected during the preceding year, carry them to Canton, invest the proceeds in the rich merchandise of China, and return thus freighted to New York.

9. Such is the brief outline of the enterprise projected by Mr. John Jacob Astor, but which continually expanded in his mind. Indeed, it is due to him to say that he was not actuated by mere motives of individual profit. He was already wealthy beyond the ordinary desires of man, but he now aspired to that honorable fame which is awarded to men of similar scope of mind, who by their great commercial enterprises have enriched nations, peopled wildernesses, and extended the bounds of empire.

10. He considered his projected establishment at the mouth of the Columbia as the emporium of an immense commerce ; as a colony that would form the germ of a

wide civilization ; that would, in fact, carry the American population across the Rocky Mountains and spread it along the shores of the Pacific, as it already animated the shores of the Atlantic.

11. Mr. Astor now prepared to carry his scheme into prompt execution. He had some competition, however, to apprehend and guard against. The Northwest Company had pushed one or two advanced trading posts across the Rocky Mountains. To prevent any contest with that company, therefore, he made known his plan to its agents, and proposed to interest them, to the extent of one third, in the trade thus to be opened.

12. Some correspondence and negotiation ensued. The company were aware of the advantages which would be possessed by Mr. Astor should he be able to carry his scheme into effect ; but they anticipated a monopoly of the trade beyond the mountains, and were loath to share it with an individual who had already proved a formidable competitor in the Atlantic trade. They hoped, too, by a timely move, to secure the mouth of the Columbia before Mr. Astor would be able to put his plans into operation ; and, that key to the internal trade once in their possession, the whole country would be at their command. After some negotiation and delay, therefore, they declined the proposition that had been made to them, but subsequently dispatched a party for the mouth of the Columbia, to establish a post there before any expedition sent out by Mr. Astor might arrive.

13. In the meantime Mr. Astor, finding his overtures rejected, proceeded fearlessly to execute his enterprise

in face of the whole power of the Northwest Company. His main establishment once planted at the mouth of the Columbia, he looked with confidence to ultimate success. Being able to reënforce and supply it amply by sea, he would push his interior posts in every direction up the rivers, and along the coast; supplying the natives at a lower rate, and thus gradually obliging the Northwest Company to give up the competition, and retire to the other side of the mountains. He would then have possession of the trade, not merely of the Columbia and its tributaries, but of the regions farther north, quite to the Russian possessions. Such was a part of his brilliant and comprehensive plan.

I. Definitions: (1) trāv'ērs īng, *crossing*; (2) cān'nī balg, *human beings who eat human flesh*; (2) rāv'āge, *to ruin, to destroy*; (5) stū-pēn'dōūs, *astonishing, wonderful*; (5) dēm'ōn strā tēd, *made plain*; (5) prāe tī eā bīl'ī t'ý, *possibility, feasibility*; (6) dū'bī ōūs l'ý, *doubtfully, uncertainly*; (6) mǎ tūr'īng, *completing*; (7) trīb'ū tǎ r'ý, *a stream whose waters flow into another stream*; (8) eōn vērgē', *tend to one point*; (8) sūs'tē nançe, *support*; (9) āe'tū ā tēd, *moved, impelled*; (11) eōm-pē tī'tion, *rivalry*; (12) nē gō tī ā'tion(-shē-), *the treating with another person respecting sale or purchase*; (12) mō nōp'ō l'ý, *exclusive possession*; (12) fōr'mī dā ble, *alarming*; (13) eōm prē hēn'sīve, *including much, or many things*.

II. Note: (1) Captain James Cook, who was one of the greatest of English navigators, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1728. The voyage referred to in the selection was made in the years 1776 to 1779. Its main object was to discover a passage around the north coast of America from the Pacific. He rediscovered the Sandwich Islands in 1778. When he first stopped there the natives were friendly to him, but on his return from his voyage to the north their attitude changed. On February 14, 1779 he landed to secure a stolen boat. The natives then attacked him with great fury, and clubbed and stabbed him to death.

XXIX. ON THE FRONTIER IN 1846.

FROM "THE OREGON TRAIL," BY FRANCIS PARKMAN, JR.



FRANCIS PARKMAN.

What a determined will can accomplish in the face of great obstacles is most clearly seen in the career of Francis Parkman. That he might see the Indian as he was in the days of Wolfe and Montcalm and before, he made the trip described in this selection, undergoing hardships that ruined his health and left him an invalid for life. He did much of his work after his eyes had become nearly useless, and kept at his task when fifteen minutes was the longest time he could work without a rest. His life is an inspiration to those who aspire (and who does not?), but who find great obstacles in the way of success.

His conduct teaches two important lessons: 1st, He who would do a piece of the world's work must not begrudge the time necessary for preparation; 2d, The work being chosen, he must give himself wholly to its accomplishment. Having completed his college course, he gave two years to the study of law, that he might be able to treat the constitutional questions which he realized would confront him in his proposed history. His work chosen, neither impaired eyesight nor declining health deterred him from its accomplishment. His first book, "The Oregon Trail," appeared in 1849, and his last, "A Half-Century of Conflict," in 1892. The greater part of his history is suggested in the title, "The French in America." He was born in Boston in 1823 and died near that city in 1893, fully assured that the world had bestowed upon his labors the plaudit, "Well done!"

1. The spring of 1846 was a busy season in the city of St. Louis. Not only were emigrants from every part of

the country preparing for the journey to Oregon and California, but an unusual number of traders were making ready their wagons and outfits for Santa Fé. Many of the emigrants, especially of those bound for California, were persons of wealth and standing. The hotels were crowded, and the gunsmiths and saddlers were kept constantly at work in providing arms and equipments for the different parties of travelers. Almost every day steamboats were leaving the levee and passing up the Missouri crowded with passengers on their way to the frontier.

2. In one of these my friend and relative, Quincy A. Shaw, and myself left St. Louis on the 28th of April, on a tour of curiosity and amusement to the Rocky Mountains. The boat was loaded until the water broke alternately over her guards. Her upper deck was covered with large wagons of a peculiar form for the Santa Fé trade, and her hold was crammed with goods for the same destination. There were also the equipments and provisions of a party of Oregon emigrants, a band of mules and horses, piles of saddles and harness, and a multitude of nondescript articles indispensable in the prairies.

3. The passengers on board the boat corresponded with her freight. In her cabin were Santa Fé traders, gamblers, speculators, and adventurers of various descriptions, and her steerage was crowded with Oregon emigrants, "mountain men," negroes, and a party of Kansas Indians who had been on a visit to St. Louis. Thus laden, the boat struggled upward for seven or eight days against the rapid current of the Missouri, grating upon snags and hanging for two or three hours at a time upon

sand bars. We entered the mouth of the Missouri in a drizzling rain, but the weather soon became clear, and showed distinctly the broad and turbid river, with its eddies, its sand bars, its ragged islands, and forest-covered shores.

4. The Missouri is constantly changing its course, wearing away its banks on one side while it forms new ones on the other. Its channel is shifting continually. Islands are formed and then washed away; and while the old forests on one side are undermined and swept off, a young growth springs up from the new soil upon the other. With all these changes the water is so charged with mud and sand that it is perfectly opaque, and in a few minutes deposits a thick sediment in the bottom of a tumbler. The river was now high, but when we descended in the autumn it was fallen very low, and all the secrets of its treacherous shallows were exposed to view.

5. In five or six days we began to see signs of the great western movement that was then taking place. Parties of emigrants, with their tents and wagons, would be encamped on open spots near the bank, on their way to the common rendezvous at Independence. On a rainy day, near sunset, we reached the landing of this place, which is situated some miles from the river, on the extreme frontier of Missouri.

6. The scene was characteristic, for here were represented at one view the most remarkable features of this wild and enterprising region. On the muddy shore stood some thirty or forty dark-looking Spaniards, gazing stupidly out from beneath their broad hats. They were

attached to one of the Santa Fé companies, whose wagons were crowded together on the banks above. In the midst of these, crouching over a smoldering fire, was a group of Indians belonging to a remote Mexican tribe.

7. One or two French hunters from the mountains, with their long hair and buckskin dresses, were looking at the boat, and seated on a log close at hand were three men with rifles lying across their knees. The foremost of these, a tall, strong figure with a clear blue eye and an open, intelligent face, might very well represent that race of restless and intrepid pioneers whose axes and rifles have opened a path from the Alleghanies to the western prairies. He was on his way to Oregon, probably a more congenial field to him than any that now remained on this side the great plains.

8. Early on the next morning we landed and set out in a wagon for Westport, where we hoped to procure mules and horses for the journey. It was a remarkably fresh and beautiful May morning. The rich luxuriant woods through which the miserable road conducted us were lighted by the bright sunshine and enlivened by a multitude of birds. We overtook on the way our late fellow travelers, the Kansas Indians, who, adorned with all their finery, were proceeding homeward at a round pace; and whatever they might have seemed on board the boat, they made a very striking and picturesque feature in the forest landscape.

9. Westport was full of Indians, whose little shaggy ponies were tied by dozens along the houses and fences. Sacs and Foxes, with shaved heads and painted faces,

Shawnees and Delawares, fluttering in calico frocks and turbans, Wyandottes dressed like white men, and a few wretched Kansans wrapped in old blankets, were strolling about the streets, or lounging in and out of the shops and houses.

10. The emigrants were encamped on the prairie about eight or ten miles distant, to the number of a thousand or more, and new parties were constantly passing out from Independence to join them. They were in great confusion, holding meetings, passing resolutions, and drawing up regulations, but unable to unite in the choice of leaders to conduct them across the prairie.

11. Being at leisure one day, I rode over to Independence. The town was crowded. A multitude of shops had sprung up to furnish the emigrants and Santa Fé traders with necessities for their journey; and there was an incessant hammering and banging from a dozen blacksmiths' sheds, where the heavy wagons were being repaired, and the horses and oxen shod. The streets were thronged with men, horses, and mules.

12. While I was in the town, a train of emigrant wagons from Illinois passed through, to join the camp on the prairie, and stopped in the principal street. A multitude of healthy children's faces were peeping out from under the covers of the wagons. Here and there a buxom damsel was seated on horseback, holding over her sunburnt face an old umbrella or a parasol, once gaudy enough, but now miserably faded. The men, very sober-looking countrymen, stood about their oxen; and as I passed I noticed three old fellows, who, with their long

whips in their hands, were zealously discussing the doctrine of regeneration.

13. The emigrants, however, are not all of this stamp. Among them are some of the vilest outcasts in the country. I have often perplexed myself to divine the various motives that give impulse to this strange migration; but whatever they may be, whether an insane hope of a better condition in life, or a desire of shaking off restraints of law and society, or mere restlessness, certain it is that multitudes bitterly repent the journey, and after they have reached the land of promise are happy enough to escape from it.

I. Definitions: (1) ê quîp'ments, *necessary supplies*; (1) lëv'ee (-ê), *an embankment to prevent the overflow of a stream*; (2) âl tēr'nâte lÿ, *succeeding by turns*; (2) nŏn'dê script, *not hitherto described, novel, odd*; (2) In dis pën'sâ ble, *that which can not be spared*; (4) ô pâque', *not transparent, impervious to rays of light*; (4) sêd'i ment, *settlings, dregs*; (4) trêach'êr oûs, *betraying a trust, faithless*; (6) ên'têr prî ġing, *resolute, active*; (7) eôn ġên'ial (-yal), *agreeable, suited to the disposition*; (11) In çês'sant, *continual*; (12) bŭx'ôm, *jolly, frolicsome*; (12) zêal'oûs lÿ, *warmly, ardently*.

II. Suggestions: In this selection there is an extended enumeration of articles and conditions, all given to bring before the reader a clear view of the scene as it impressed the historian. In reading it aloud, the pupil should proceed deliberately, giving ample time to the groups of words and the pauses, thus bringing the pictures clearly before the minds of those who listen. If the class will sometimes close their books, and give undivided attention to the oral reading, they can judge better of its quality.

III. Note: "The Oregon Trail" is a story of travel and adventure which gives a faithful account of the author's experiences beyond the Missouri in 1846. Its perusal will enable one to realize some of the wonderful changes that have taken place in that region within fifty years.

XXX. MONTEZUMA'S WAY OF LIFE.

FROM "THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO," BY WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.



WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

William H. Prescott has put into history the warmth and the interest of the romance or the drama. He is read with as much satisfaction, now that Markham and Fiske have shown that some of his authorities were hardly trustworthy, as he was before the beginnings of critical history. While Parkman wrote of the French in America, Prescott wrote largely of the Spanish in America, and both acquitted themselves well.

Both were defective in vision — Prescott almost blind — but each saw through the mind's eye with great clearness. Each has clothed his subjects with the interest of present association; they are of the Now and the Here.

Prescott was born in 1796, and died in 1859. While he was an undergraduate at Harvard University, an accident deprived him of sight in one eye, and so affected the other that all his study had to be done through a reader. Thus he heard Spanish till he became a Spanish scholar; and thus he heard all the events he has woven into textures of such wonderful beauty as are his "Ferdinand and Isabella," his "Conquest of Mexico," and his "Conquest of Peru."

1. The most luxurious residence of the Aztec monarch, at that season, was the royal hill of Chapultepec, a spot consecrated, moreover, by the ashes of his ancestors. It stood in a westerly direction from the capital, and its base was, in his day, washed by the waters of Lake Tezcuco. On its lofty crest of porphyritic rock, there now

stands the magnificent, though desolate, castle erected by the young viceroy Galvez, at the close of the seventeenth century.

2. The view from its windows is one of the finest in the environs of Mexico. The landscape is not disfigured here, as in many other quarters, by the white and barren patches, so offensive to the sight ; but the eye wanders over an unbroken expanse of meadows and cultivated fields, waving with rich harvests of European grain. Montezuma's gardens stretched for miles around the base of the hill.

3. Two statues of that monarch and his father, cut in *bas relief* in the porphyry, were spared till the middle of the last century ; and the grounds are still shaded by gigantic cypresses, more than fifty feet in circumference, which were centuries old at the time of the Conquest. The place is now a tangled wilderness of wild shrubs, where the myrtle mingles its dark, glossy leaves with the red berries and delicate foliage of the pepper tree.

4. Surely, there is no spot better suited to awaken meditation on the past ; none, where the traveler, as he sits under those stately cypresses, gray with the moss of ages, can so fitly ponder on the sad destinies of the Indian races, and the monarch who once held his courtly revels under the shadow of their branches.

5. The palace was supplied with numerous baths, and Montezuma set the example, in his own person, of frequent ablutions. He bathed at least once, and changed his dress four times, it is said, every day. He never put on the same apparel a second time, but gave it away to

his attendants. Queen Elizabeth, with a similar taste for costume, showed a less princely spirit in hoarding her discarded suits. Her wardrobe was, probably, somewhat more costly than that of the Indian emperor.

6. Besides his numerous female retinue, the halls and antechambers were filled with nobles in constant attendance on his person, who served also as a sort of body-guard. It had been usual for plebeians of merit to fill certain offices in the palace. But the haughty Montezuma refused to be waited upon by any but men of noble birth. They were not unfrequently the sons of the great chiefs, and remained as hostages in the absence of their fathers; thus serving the double purpose of security and state.

7. His meals the emperor took alone. The well-matted floor of a large saloon was covered with hundreds of dishes. Sometimes Montezuma himself, but more frequently his steward, indicated those which he preferred, and which were kept hot by means of chafing dishes. The royal bill of fare comprehended, besides domestic animals, game from the distant forests, and fish which, the day before, were swimming in the Gulf of Mexico. They were dressed in manifold ways, for the Aztec *artistes*, as we have already had occasion to notice, had penetrated deep into the mysteries of culinary science.

8. The meats were served by the attendant nobles, who then resigned the office of waiting on the monarch to maidens selected for their personal grace and beauty. A screen of richly gilt and carved wood was drawn around him, so as to conceal him from vulgar eyes during the

repast. He was seated on a cushion, and the dinner was served on a low table covered with a delicate cotton cloth. The dishes were of the finest ware of Cholula. He had a service of gold, which was reserved for religious celebrations. Indeed, it would scarcely have comported with even his princely revenues to have used it on ordinary occasions, when his table equipage was not allowed to appear a second time, but was given away to his attendants.

9. The saloon was lighted by torches made of a resinous wood, which sent forth a sweet odor and, probably, not a little smoke, as they burned. At his meal, he was attended by five or six of his ancient counselors, who stood at a respectful distance, answering his questions, and occasionally rejoiced by some of the viands with which he complimented them from his table.

10. This course of solid dishes was succeeded by another of sweetmeats and pastry, for which the Aztec cooks, provided with the important requisites of maize-flour, eggs, and the rich sugar of the aloe, were famous. Two girls were occupied at the farther end of the apartment, during dinner, in preparing fine rolls and wafers, with which they garnished the board from time to time. The emperor took no other beverage than a potation of chocolate, flavored with vanilla and other spices, and so prepared as to be reduced to a froth of the consistency of honey, which gradually dissolved in the mouth.

11. The general arrangement of the meal seems to have been not very unlike that of Europeans. But no prince in Europe could boast a dessert which could compare with that of the Aztec emperor. For it was gathered fresh

from the most opposite climes ; and his board displayed the products of his own temperate region, and the luscious fruits of the tropics, plucked, the day previous, from the green groves of the lowlands, and transmitted with the speed of steam, by means of couriers, to the capital. It was as if some kind fairy should crown our banquets with the spicy products that but yesterday were growing in a sunny isle of the far-off Indian seas.

12. After the royal appetite was appeased, water was handed to him by the attendants in a silver basin, in the same manner as had been done before commencing his meal ; for the Aztecs were as constant in their ablutions, at these times, as any nation of the East.

13. Sometimes he amused himself with his jester ; for the Indian monarch had his jesters, as well as his more refined brethren of Europe at that day. Indeed, he used to say, that more instruction was to be gathered from them than from wiser men, for they dared to tell the truth. At other times, he witnessed the graceful dances of his women, or took delight in listening to music,—if the rude minstrelsy of the Mexicans deserve that name,—accompanied by a chant, in slow and solemn cadence, celebrating the heroic deeds of great Aztec warriors, or of his own princely line.

14. When he had sufficiently refreshed his spirits with these diversions, he composed himself to sleep, for in his *siesta* he was as regular as a Spaniard. On awaking, he gave audience to ambassadors from foreign states, or his own tributary cities, or to such caziques as had suits to prefer to him. They were introduced by the young nobles

in attendance, and, whatever might be their rank, unless of the blood royal, they were obliged to submit to the humiliation of shrouding their rich dresses under the coarse mantle of *nequen*, and entering barefooted, with downcast eyes, into the presence. The emperor addressed few and brief remarks to the suitors, answering them generally by his secretaries ; and the parties retired with the same reverential obeisance, taking care to keep their faces turned toward the monarch. Well might Cortez exclaim, that no court, whether of the Grand Seignior or any other infidel, ever displayed so pompous and elaborate a ceremonial.

15. Such is the picture of Montezuma's domestic establishment and way of living, as delineated by the conquerors and their immediate followers, who had the best means of information ; too highly colored, it may be, by the proneness to exaggerate, which was natural to those who first witnessed a spectacle so striking to the imagination, so new and unexpected. I have thought it best to present the full details, trivial though they may seem to the reader, as affording a curious picture of manners, so superior in point of refinement to those of the other aboriginal tribes on the North American continent. Nor are they, in fact, so trivial, when we reflect that, in these details of private life, we possess a surer measure of civilization, than in those of a public nature.

16. In surveying them we are strongly reminded of the civilization of the East ; not of that higher, intellectual kind which belonged to the more polished Arabs and the Persians, but that semi-civilization which has dis-

tinguished, for example, the Tartar races, among whom art, and even science, have made, indeed, some progress in their adaptation to material wants and sensual gratification, but little in reference to the higher and more ennobling interests of humanity.

17. It is characteristic of such a people, to find a puerile pleasure in a dazzling and ostentatious pageantry; to mistake show for substance; vain pomp for power; to hedge round the throne itself with barren and burdensome ceremonial, the counterfeit of real majesty.

18. Even this, however, was an advance in refinement, compared with the rude manners of the earlier Aztecs. The change may, doubtless, be referred in some degree to the personal influence of Montezuma. In his younger days, he had tempered the fierce habits of the soldier with the milder profession of religion. In later life, he had withdrawn himself still more from the brutalizing occupations of war, and his manners acquired a refinement tinged, it may be added, with an effeminacy, unknown to his martial predecessors.

19. The condition of the empire, too, under his reign, was favorable to this change. The dismemberment of the Tezcucan kingdom had left the Aztec monarchy without a rival; and it soon spread its colossal arms over the farthest limits of Anahuac. The aspiring mind of Montezuma rose with the acquisition of wealth and power; and he displayed the consciousness of new importance by the assumption of unprecedented state. He affected a reserve unknown to his predecessors; withdrew his person from the vulgar eye, and fenced himself round with an elabo-

rate and courtly etiquette. When he went abroad, it was in state, on some public occasion, usually to the great temple, to take part in the religious services; and, as he passed along, he exacted from his people, as we have seen, the homage of an adulation worthy of an Oriental despot.

20. His haughty demeanor touched the pride of his more potent vassals, particularly those who, at a distance, felt themselves nearly independent of his authority. His exactions, demanded by the profuse expenditure of his palace, scattered broadcast the seeds of discontent; and, while the empire seemed towering in its most palmy and prosperous state, the canker had eaten deepest into its heart.

I. Definitions: (1) *eôn'sê erā tēd*, dedicated, devoted, made sacred; (1) *pôr phŷ rīt'le*, characterized by the presence of distinct crystals, as of feldspar or quartz; (1) *vīcē'roy*, the governor of a country, ruling in the king's name; (6) *rēt'ī nūe*, a train of attendants; (7) *chāf'ing dīsh*, a dish used for cooking on the table or for keeping food warm; (7) *măn'ī-fōld*, various in kind or quality; (7) *eū'lī nā rŷ*, relating to the art of cooking; (10) *gār'nīshēd (t)*, ornamented, as dishes, with something laid about them; (14) *sī ēs'tā*, a short sleep taken after dinner; (14) *ēā zīques' (-zēks')*, chiefs or petty kings among the Indians; (14) *ō bēi'sançe*, an expression of deference or respect; (15) *prōne'nēss*, tendency; (17) *pū'ēr līe*, childish, trifling, silly; (17) *pāg'eant rŷ*, splendor; (18) *ēf fēm'ī-nā çŷ*, softness, weakness; (20) *vās'sals*, subjects, dependents.

II. Pronounce: (1) *Chā pūl tē pēe'*; (1) *Tez eū'eō (tēs-)*; (1) *Gāl'vez (-vēth)*; (8) *Chō lū'lā*; (14) *Čōr'teg*; (14) *Sēign'ior (-yēr)*.

III. Suggestions and Question: This selection is a description of gorgeous scenes, and the style is in keeping with it. The sentences are somewhat long, and polysyllabic words abound. The chapter is a fine setting forth of the foolish extravagance of a silly man. It should be read in full tones, time being given to bring out in clearness the many pictures.

(16) What is meant by "the Tartar races"?

SPECIMENS OF FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.

XXXI. RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Miss Mitford was born in England in 1786. She was the author of a large number of literary works. Some of her tragedies were produced by the leading actors of her day, and enjoyed great popular favor.

This selection is taken from "Rienzi," a tragedy that was put on the stage in London in 1828, whose title is the name of its leading character. Its scene is laid in Rome about the middle of the fourteenth century. At that time Rome had long ceased to be "the mistress of the world." The bulk of her once broad dominions had passed under the control of foreign invaders, and what remained was now held by "petty tyrants and feudal despots."

1.

Friends !

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves !
 The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
 A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beams
 Fall on a slave ; not such as, swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
 To crimson glory and undying fame, —
 But base, ignoble slaves ! slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages ;
 Strong in some hundred spearmen ; only great
 In that strange spell, — a name:

2.

Each hour, dark fraud,

Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cries out against them. But this very day,

Of beauty ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans.
 Why, in that elder day to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king. And once again, —
 Hear me, ye walls that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus ! — once again I swear
 The Eternal City shall be free !
 Her sons shall walk with princes !

I. Definitions : (1) thrall'dòm, *the state of being a thrall or slave*; (2) rǎp'ine, *the seizing and carrying away of things by force*; (3) sêrv'ile, *slavish, cringing*; (3) lîm'nêrs, *painters of portraits*; (3) eôrse, *the dead body of a human being*.

II. Note : Rî en'zi (Rê ên'zê) was an Italian patriot. In 1347 he led a revolution at Rome which overthrew the power of the aristocracy, and introduced beneficial reforms in the government. Rienzi was placed in control of the government of the city, under the title of tribune of the people. He soon became arbitrary and arrogant, however, and was expelled from Rome. On his return in 1354, his conduct provoked a riot in which he was killed.

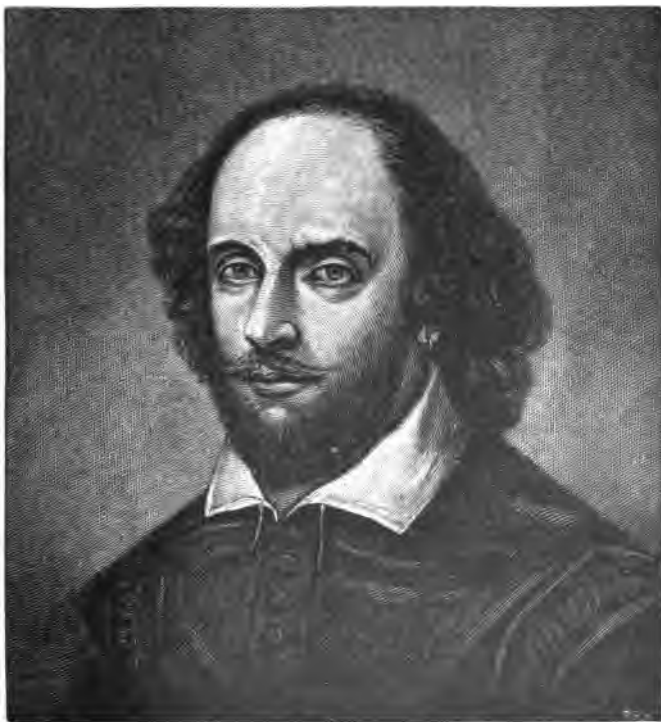
III. Questions and Suggestions : In what style of composition is "Rienzi's Address" written? What other specimens of this style of composition can you find in this book? How many syllables in each full line? How many poetic feet? Which syllable of each foot is accented? Explain the meaning of the expression, "to crimson glory and undying fame," in the first stanza.

How do you determine what tones to employ in reading this selection? What variation in tones and rate of utterance would you make in reading the second and third stanzas? To which lines in the third stanza would you give special emphasis?

There are few, if any, selections better adapted to elocutionary drill than this one. The pupil should become thoroughly familiar with its language, so that the whole attention can be centered on its oral expression. Also, he should see "in his mind's eye" the audience that Rienzi was addressing, and then, putting himself in his place, he must fit his tones, gestures, and rate of utterance to the conditions.

XXXII. BRUTUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR," ACT III, SCENE II, BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The greatest dramatic genius that ever lived was William Shakespeare, who was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, in 1564, and died in 1616. Little is known of his childhood and early youth. In his nineteenth year he was married to Anne Hathaway, and three years thereafter he went to London, where he became in turn an actor, theatrical manager, and dramatic author.

His writings include a large number of sonnets, poems, and plays, — the latter the most famous in the world's literature. The English historian Hallam says of him : "The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature, — it is the greatest in all literature. No man ever came near him in the creative powers of the mind ; no man ever had such strength at once and such variety of imagination."

"Julius Cæsar," like several other of his plays, is semi-historical in character. Its scene is laid in Rome, 44 B.C., and its chief characters were prominent men at the time Cæsar was assassinated in the senate house by Brutus, Cassius (Căsh' i ūs), and other members of the Roman Senate.

The eloquence of the address which the patriotic Brutus delivered to the Roman populace is only equaled by the masterly appeal which the adroit Antony made to the same audience after Cæsar's body had been borne into the forum.

[*Scene : the Forum in Rome ; BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens enter.*]

Citizens. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Brutus. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. —

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers. —

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall

not? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

[*Enter ANTONY and others with CÆSAR's body.*]

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live, live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen, —

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;

We'll hear him. — Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you. [*Ascends.*]

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

Antony. You gentle Romans, —

Citizens. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

I. Notes: The Fō'rūm was a public place in Rome where causes were judiciously tried and orations delivered to the people. It was there that Brutus addressed the public and gave "reasons of Cæsar's death."

The Ėāp'l tōl at Rome was the temple of Jupiter; it was located on one of the seven hills, and was the building in which the Senate met. It was in the Capitol, and during a session of the Senate, that Cæsar was killed by the conspirators. Shortly after his death his body was carried by Mark Antony and other friends of Cæsar's to the Forum.

II. Suggestions and Questions: In order to render this selection from "Julius Cæsar" with success, the reader must have prepared every line of it by careful study; and also he must be able to picture in his imagination the different speakers and the circumstances under which they are acting. This preparation is necessary to *get the thought*, and then drill is required that appropriate gestures, tones, and inflections may be employed in *giving the thought* to the hearer.

Why do you think Brutus and Cassius agreed that "public reasons shall be rendered of Cæsar's death"? What reasons did Brutus give for "rising against Cæsar"? What effect did these reasons have on the citizens who heard Brutus' address? Were they satisfied that Brutus had acted from high and patriotic motives? Why do you think so? What impression of the character of Brutus do you get from his address?

Compare the address of Brutus with that of Antony which is given in the next lesson. Remember that both addresses were delivered to the same people and note the results. Can you explain why Brutus carried his hearers with him?

XXXIII. ANTONY TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.

FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR," ACT III, SCENE II, *continued*.

Antony. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them,
 The good is oft interréd with their bones ;
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
 For Brutus is an honorable man,
 So are they all, all honorable men, —
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, — not without cause :

What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason ! — Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words ? He would not take the
crown ;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him ; he begins again to speak.

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were disposed to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men.

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honorable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
 I found it in his closet, — 'tis his will.
 Let but the commons hear this testament, —
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read, —
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Antony. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it?

4 *Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony!
 You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
 I fear I wrong the honorable men
 Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors! Honorable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers! The will! Read
 the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave. [*He comes down.*]

4 *Cit.* A ring: stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony! most noble Antony!

Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what ! weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woeful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors ! villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge ! about, — seek, — burn, — fire, —
 kill, — slay, — let not a traitor live !

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace, there ! Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with
 him.

Antony. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
 you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honorable :

What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,

That made them do it ; they are wise and honorable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me : but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then ! come, seek the conspirators.

Antony. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, — most noble
Antony.

Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not
what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas, you know not : — I must tell you, then.

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true ; — the will : — let's stay and hear the will.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar ! — we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O Royal Cæsar !

Antony. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho !

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber : he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever, — common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar : when comes such another ?

1 *Cit.* Never, never ! — Come, away, away !
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

I. Notes : The Lū'pēr eal was a feast of the Romans in honor of Lupercus, or Pan, the god of shepherds, and the patron of fishing and hunting.

The cōm'mōnſ were the common people, — that is, the mass of the people as distinguished from the titled classes or nobility.

5 The Nēr'vīi were one of the numerous peoples whom Cæsar had conquered and brought under the dominion of the Roman Empire.

The drāch'mā was an ancient coin, whose value is estimated to have been about nineteen cents.

II. Question and Suggestion : What effect did Antony's address have on the citizens who had been listening to Brutus' address? Note the fact that Brutus based his appeal to the populace on their love of freedom and love of country, while Antony first arouses their suspicions as to the motives of the conspirators, and then appeals to their selfish interests by referring to the will of Cæsar.

XXXIV. PLEA FOR SUFFERING GREECE.

BY HENRY CLAY.

Henry Clay was one of America's most eminent statesmen and orators. He was born in Virginia in 1777, and when a young man of twenty he removed to Kentucky and began the practice of law at Lexington. Within ten years he was chosen to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate. He was elected a representative in Congress in 1811, and on the day of his appearance in the House of Representatives, as a member, he was chosen Speaker, a distinction without a parallel since the meeting of the first Congress. From that day until his death, in June, 1852, he was one of the most distinguished men of his times, having been three times chosen Speaker of the lower house of Congress, and three times a candidate for President, but each time failing to be elected.

1. And has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece,—that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose, Mr. Chairman, that we unite in an humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension, they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies.

2. How shall it run? "We, the representatives of the FREE people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency,"—I can not go through the disgusting recital! My lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave!

3. Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high Heaven ; at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils?

4. If the great body of Christendom can look on calmly and coolly whilst all this is perpetrated on a Christian people, in its own immediate vicinity, in its very presence, let us at least evince that one of its remote extremities is susceptible of sensibility to Christian wrongs, and capable of sympathy for Christian sufferings ; that in this remote quarter of the world there are hearts not yet closed against compassion for human woes, that can pour out their indignant feelings at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie.

5. Sir, an attempt has been made to alarm the committee by the dangers to our commerce in the Mediterranean ; and a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and to eradicate our humanity. Ah! sir, “ what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? ” — or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade, and lose its liberties ?

I. Definitions: (1) *dết ết tã'tion*, the act of detesting, extreme hatred ; (1) *cỗn dẽ scẽn'sion*, courtesy to inferiors ; (2) *elẽm'en cỹ*, mercy, kindness ; (2) *sỹe ồ phãn'tie*, of or pertaining to a sycophant, — that is, a mean, servile flatterer ; (3) *dẽs'pĩ cầ ble*, fit or deserving to be despised,

mean; (3) à trō'cious (-shūs), *full of evil, springing from a savage spirit*; (3) fē rō'cious (-shūs), *fierce, cruel*; (3) In Im'ī eal, *having the disposition of an enemy, unfriendly*; (4) ē vin'ce', *show clearly, make evident*; (4) sūs çp'ti ble, *capable of being influenced, readily acted upon*; (4) sēn si bil'ī tī, *state of being sensible, feeling*; (5) ē rād'ī eāte, *pluck up by the roots, destroy utterly*.

II. Note: This lesson is an extract from a speech delivered in Congress. Mr. Clay was speaking in favor of a resolution of sympathy with the Greeks. In 1821 a revolution was begun in Greece, whose object was to throw off the yoke of the Sultan of Turkey, who had for many years oppressed the people of that country. This war was carried on for years, and finally resulted in the independence of Greece. One of the events of this war gave to an American poet a theme for his stirring poem, "Marcos Bozzaris," a copy of which may be found in Part I of this book.

XXXV. ON EXPUNGING THE SENATE JOURNAL.

BY JOHN C. CALHOUN.

John C. Calhoun was a distinguished American statesman who was born in South Carolina in March, 1782, and died in Washington, in March, 1850. He served in the legislature of his native state for two years, and was chosen a member of Congress in 1811. President Monroe appointed him Secretary of War in 1817. In 1824 he was elected Vice President of the United States, and was re-elected in 1828, when General Jackson was chosen President. In 1832 he resigned the office of Vice-President, and was chosen a Senator of the United States. He supported Mr. Clay's compromise tariff of 1833, and acted with the opposi-



JOHN C. CALHOUN.

tion to President Jackson in relation to the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank.

The extract given herewith was delivered in the United States Senate in 1834. It illustrates the clear, forcible, and condensed style of one of the greatest of American orators.

1. No one, not blinded by party zeal, can possibly be insensible that the measure proposed is a violation of the constitution. The constitution requires the senate to keep a journal; this resolution goes to expunge the journal. If you may expunge a part, you may expunge the whole; and if it is expunged, how is it kept?

2. The constitution says the journal shall be kept; this resolution says it shall be destroyed. It does the very thing which the constitution declares shall not be done. That is the argument, the whole argument. There is none other. Talk of precedents, and precedents drawn from a foreign country? They do not apply? No, sir. This is to be done, not in consequence of argument, but in spite of argument.

3. I understand the case. I know perfectly well the gentlemen have no liberty to vote otherwise. They are coerced by an exterior power. They try, indeed, to comfort their consciences by saying that it is the will of the people and the voice of the people. It is no such thing. We all know how these legislative returns have been obtained. It is by dictation from the White House.

4. The President himself, with that vast mass of patronage which he wields, and the thousand expectations which he is able to hold up, has obtained these votes of the state legislatures; and this, forsooth, is said to be the voice of the people.

5. The voice of the people ! Sir, can we forget the scene which was exhibited in this chamber when that expunging resolution was first introduced here ? Have we forgotten the universal giving way of conscience so that the senator from Missouri was left alone ? I see before me senators who could not support that resolution ; and has its nature changed since then ? Is it any more constitutional now than it was then ?

6. Not at all. But executive power has interposed. Talk to me of the voice of the people ! No, sir ! It is the combination of patronage and power to coerce this body into a gross and palpable violation of the constitution. Some individuals, I perceive, think to escape through the particular form in which this act is to be perpetrated. They tell us that the resolution on your records is not to be expunged, but is only to be endorsed "Expunged."

7. Really, sir, I do not know how to argue against such a contemptible sophistry. The occasion is too solemn for an argument of this sort. You are going to violate the constitution, and you get rid of the infamy by a falsehood. You yourselves say that the resolution is expunged by your order. Yet you say it is not expunged. You put your act in express words. You record it, and then turn round and deny it.

8. But why do I waste my breath ? I know it is all utterly vain. The day is gone ; night approaches, and night is suitable to the dark deed which we meditate. There is a sort of destiny in this thing. The act must be performed ; and it is an act which will tell on the political history of this country forever.

9. Other preceding violations of the constitution (and they have been many and great) filled my bosom with indignation ; but this fills it only with grief. Others were done in the heat of party. Power was, as it were, compelled to support itself by seizing upon new instruments of influence and patronage ; and there were ambitious and able men to direct the process.

10. Such was the removal of the deposits, which the President seized by a new and unprecedented act of arbitrary power ; an act which gave him ample means of rewarding friends and punishing enemies. Something may, perhaps, be pardoned to him in this matter, on the apology of tyrants, — the plea of necessity.

11. But here there can be no such apology. Here no necessity can be so much as pretended. This act originates in pure, unmixed, personal idolatry. The former act was such a one as might have been perpetrated in the days of Pompey or Cæsar ; but an act like this could never have been consummated by a Roman Senate until the days of Caligula and Nero.

I. Definitions : (1) *ëx pũnge'*, blot out ; (2) *prëç'ê dents*, something done or said that may serve as an example to authorize a later act of the same kind ; (3) *eð ërçed' (t)*, forced ; (4) *in tær pøged'*, placed between, thrust in ; (5) *päl'pá ble*, capable of being touched and felt, plain ; (6) *søph'is trÿ*, false reasoning ; (7) *in'få mÿ*, public disgrace ; (8) *är'-bi trå rÿ*, bound by no law, despotic ; (9) *eøn'süm mã täd*, completed, finished.

II. Word analysis : Separate each of the following words into root, and *prefix* or *suffix*, and give its meaning : (1) insensible, (2) constitutional, (3) patronage, (4) contemptible, (5) falsehood, (6) express, (7) unprecedented, (8) unmixed.

III. Notes and Questions : (11) Caligula was a Roman emperor who was born about fifty years after the death of Cæsar. He was a monster of cruelty, and was assassinated in 41 A.D.

(11) Nero was a Roman Emperor born in 37 A.D. He was a wicked and cruel ruler, and committed suicide in 68 A.D. Nero is said to have kindled a fire which nearly destroyed Rome.

(3) What is the "White House" ?

(11) What have you learned about Pompey and Cæsar in former lessons?

XXXVI. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster was a celebrated American statesman, jurist, and orator, who was born in New Hampshire in 1782, and died at Marshfield; Mass., Oct. 24, 1852. After graduating at Dartmouth College, he taught school for a time, and then studied law. After practicing his profession for some ten years at Portsmouth, N.H., he removed to Boston, and there became the foremost lawyer of New England.

He entered Congress in 1813, serving first in the House of Representatives, and afterwards in the Senate. His career in the latter body has few if any parallels. A writer in *Frazer's Magazine* in 1870 says of him: "He was the greatest orator that has ever lived in the western hemisphere. Less vehement than Calhoun, less persuasive than Clay, he was yet more grand and powerful than either."

This extract is from Webster's Eulogy on John Adams, a distinguished patriot and statesman of Revolutionary times. He was a member of the Continental Congress that met in Philadelphia in 1776, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

1. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted,

till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration?

2. Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

3. If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust?

4. I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be

appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

5. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression.

6. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

7. If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people

have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead.

8. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

9. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the field of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

10. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves, die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the

poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

11. But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure and it may cost blood ; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

12. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it ; and I leave off as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment,—independence *now*, and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER !

I. Definitions : (2) *rěe ǝn ǝl i ā'tion*, the act of reconciling, renewing friendship ; (2) *prō seribed'*, doomed to destruction, outlawed ; (2) *prē dēs'tined*, decreed beforehand ; (4) *eǝn flā grā'tion*, a fire extending to many objects, or over a large space ; (7) *ǣg gres'sion* (-grēsh'ūn), the first attack, or the first act leading to war ; (8) *īm mū'nī ties*, particular privileges ; (11) *ēx ūl tā'tion*, triumph.

II. Questions and Suggestion: What was the occasion of the "Supposed Speech of John Adams"? Had the Revolutionary War begun at that time? To whom is reference made in the second paragraph by the language, "who sit in that chair"? What is meant by the "Boston Port Bill"? What do you consider the chief causes of the Revolutionary War?

As a preparation for the reading of this selection, it would be well to refer to the Declaration of Independence and read it.

XXXVII. EXTRACT FROM A MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

BY JAMES G. BLAINE.

James G. Blaine, an American orator and statesman, was born in Washington County, Pa., in 1830, and died at the national capital in 1893. Soon after completing the course at Washington College, he adopted the editorial profession, and removed to Maine. Mr. Blaine was sent to Congress by his adopted state and was a member of the 38th and the five succeeding Congresses, serving in the last three as Speaker. Subsequently he served a term as senator from Maine. On March 4, 1881, he was appointed Secretary of State by President Garfield. Mr. Blaine was the unsuccessful candidate for President, of the Republican party in 1884, and several years later was again Secretary of State.

On the invitation of both Houses of Congress, he delivered an oration on James A. Garfield in the House of Representatives February 27, 1882, from which the following extract is taken :

1. Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him ; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless,

doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence, and the grave.

2. Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death ; — and he did not quail.

3. Not alone for one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell ? — what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties !

4. Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears ; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his ; the little boys ; the fair young daughter ; the sturdy sons, just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding a father's love and care ; and in his heart eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him desolation and great darkness ! And his soul was not shaken.

5. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal

weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the winepress alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet, he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

6. As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive stifling air, from its homelessness and hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices.

7. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars.

8. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world, he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

I. Definitions: (1) *prē mō nī'tion*, *previous warning*; (2) *frēn'zŷ*, *madness*; (2) *wan'tōn nēss*, *recklessness*; (2) *quāil*, *flinch, shrink*; (3) *rē līn'quish ment*, *the act of giving up*; (3) *lān'guor (-gwēr)*, *weakness*; (3) *sūn'dēr ing*, *parting*; (5) *ēn shrīned'*, *preserved or cherished as something sacred*; (5) *dē mō'nī āe*, *pertaining to a demon, or evil spirit*; (5) *ās sās'sīn*, *one who kills or attempts to kill by surprise or secret assault*; (6) *stī'fling, choking*; (7) *wān*, *pale*; (7) *wist'fūl lŷ*, *longingly*; (8) *rāpt*, *enraptured*.

II. Note: On the morning of July 2, 1881, President Garfield, while standing in the railroad station in Washington, was shot by an assassin. After hovering between life and death for more than two months, he died on the 19th of September.

XXXVIII. THE NEW SOUTH.

BY HENRY W. GRADY.

Henry Woodfen Grady, journalist, was born in Athens, Ga., in 1851, and died in Atlanta, Ga., in 1889. In 1886, he delivered before The New England Society an address on The New South, which marked him as a most eloquent orator. This address caused him to be especially beloved in the South and highly esteemed in the North.

1. A master hand has drawn for you the picture of your returning armies. You have been told how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war, — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home?

2. Let me picture to you the foot-sore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole

which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as, ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

3. What does he find — let me ask you — what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training, and, beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence, — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

4. What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the

furrow ; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow ; and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

5. But what is the sum of our work ? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

6. The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

7. The South has nothing for which to apologize. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill — a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men — that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that

I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood.

8. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by a higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

9. Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people—which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, be verified in its fullest sense when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now, and united forever."

I. Words defined: (1) pōmp, *show of magnificence, parade, display*; (1) pā'thōs, *that which awakens pity or sorrow*; (2) pā rōle', *a promise upon honor to fulfill certain conditions*; (3) dēv'as tā tēd, *laid waste*; (3) stā'tūs, *state, condition*; (3) trā dī'tions, *rites or customs handed down from ancestors to posterity*; (5) thē'ō rīes, *speculations*; (6) ēn-ām'ōred, *charmed, captivated*; (6) In serū'tā ble, *incapable of being understood by inquiry or study*; (7) ā pōl'ō ġize, *to make excuse for a fault*; (7) dāunt'lēss, *fearless*; (7) hēr'it āge, *that which passes from heir to heir, an inheritance*; (9) āb'jēet, *mean, cringing*.

II. Questions: What is the literal meaning of the first sentence? Is it comparison or contrast we have in the description of the two armies? Are there any points of comparison? What is the name of the soldier described in paragraph 7? In what sense is the word "captain" employed in the last paragraph?

III. Suggestion: This selection is taken from the body of the famous speech on "The New South." Mr. Grady has been speaking for some time, and is thoroughly roused by the grandeur of his theme and the applause of a vast concourse of people. If you will bring the conditions vividly before your mind, you will be helped greatly in the reading. Put yourself in his place; look into the eyes of five thousand upturned faces, breathing forth sympathy and assent, and you will feel the thrill that will put the tremor of eagerness into the voice and the glow of enthusiasm into the countenance.

XXXIX. NATIONAL INJUSTICE.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

1. Do you know how empires find their end? Yes. The great States eat up the little. As with fish, so with nations. Come with me! Let us bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb!

2. Come, old Assyria, with the Ninevitish dove upon thy emerald crown! What laid thee low? "I fell by

my own injustice! Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me to the ground!"

3. O queenly Persia, flame of the nations! Wherefore art thou so fallen! thou who trodest the people under thee, bridgest the Hellespont with ships, and pour-est thy temple-wasting millions on the western world? "Because I trod the people under me; because I bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world. I fell by my own misdeeds!"

4. And thou, muse-like, Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of States, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art, and most seductive in song, why liest thou there with the beauteous yet dishonored brow reposing on thy broken harp? "I loved the loveliness of flesh, embalmed in Parian stone. I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that more than Parian speech. But the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod down to earth. Lo! therefore have I become as those barbarian states, and as one of them."

5. O manly, majestic Rome, with thy sevenfold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? 'Twas not injustice brought thee low, for thy great Book of Law is prefaced with these words, "Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right." It was not the saint's ideal. It was the hypocrite's pretense. "I made iniquity my law! I trod the nations under me! Their wealth gilded my palaces, where now thou mayst see the fox and hear the owl. It fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my cabinet counsel-

ors. The flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondmen wet the soil with tears and blood! Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo, here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfalls as you see.

6. "Go back and tell the newborn child who sitteth on the Alleghanies, laying his either hand upon a tributary sea, and a crown of stars upon his youthful brow,—tell him there are rights which States must keep, or they shall suffer wrongs. Tell him there is a God who keeps the black man and the white, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks His just, eternal law. Warn the young empire, that he come not down, dim and dishonored, to my shameful tomb. Tell him that Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will, to give each man his right. I knew it. I broke it. Bid him keep it, and be forever safe."

I. Definitions: (2) *ëm'ēr ald*, a precious stone of a rich green color; (4) *wīth'ēr ŷ*, irresistible influence; (4) *Pā'ri an*, of or pertaining to Paros, an island in the Ægean Sea noted for its excellent statuary marble; (5) *mū'ral crown*, a golden crown or circle of gold, indented so as to resemble a battlement,—sevenfold is an allusion to the seven hills on which Rome was built; (5) *In Iq'uī tŷ*, absence of or deviation from just dealing; (5) *eōurt'iers (-yērz)*, those who court or solicit favors, flatterers; (5) *rēe'ōm pēnse*, an equivalent returned for anything done, given, or suffered, suitable return; (6) *rēalm*, a region under the dominion of a monarch, a kingdom, an empire.

II. Questions and Suggestions: (2) Where was Assyria? Nineveh? Babylon? (3) What is meant by "temple-wasting millions"? (4) Write out the meaning you get from this paragraph. (6) What is meant by "the newborn child that sitteth on the Alleghanies"? (6) What is the "crown of stars"? (6) To what iniquity does the author refer in this paragraph? (6) In what mode and tense is the verb "come" in the clause "that he come not," in this paragraph?

TYPES OF POETIC COMPOSITION.

XL. HEBREW POETRY.

1. It is almost certain that the earliest use of Hebrew poetry was for religious service. To celebrate in hymns and songs the praises of God ; to enrich the worship with the charms and graces of harmony ; to give force and energy to the devout affections, were the sublime employment of the Hebrew Muse. Nor is it improbable that the very early use of music in the worship of the Hebrews contributed, not a little, to the peculiar character of their poetry, and may have imparted to it that appropriate form which, though chiefly adapted to this particular purpose, it nevertheless preserves on every other occasion.

2. The sacred hymns were alternately sung by opposite choirs or companies, or by one company singing the hymn while the other sang a response which was regularly interposed at stated intervals, not altogether unlike our modern chorus. It was in this manner that Moses with the Israelites chanted the ode at the Red Sea, and was answered by Miriam, the prophetess, and all the women.

3. The peculiar character of the Hebrew poetry consists chiefly in a certain equality, resemblance, or *parallelism* between the members of each period ; so that in two lines (or members of the same period) things for the most part shall answer to things, and words to words, as if fitted to each other by a kind of rule or measure. This parallel-

ism has many gradations. It is sometimes perfectly clear and accurate, while at times vague and obscure. It is mainly of three kinds.

4. The first kind is the *synonymous* parallelism, when the same sentiment is repeated in different but equivalent terms. This is the simplest, the clearest, and the most frequently used of all. The character of this parallelism is clearly seen in the following :

When Israel went out from Egypt,
The house of Jacob from a people of strange language;
The sea saw it and fled :
Jordan was driven back.
The mountains skipped like rams,
And the little hills like lambs. — Psalm cxiv.

5. Sometimes the parallelism is formed by the iteration of the former member, either in whole or in part. Thus :

Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth,
May Israel now say;
Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth;
Yet they have not prevailed against me. — Psalm cxxix.

6. Sometimes there are three parallelisms, and in such cases the second line usually answers to the first, while the third frequently refers to both, or closes the period, as :

The floods have lifted up, O Lord,
The floods have lifted up their voice;
The floods lift up their waves. — Psalm xciii.

7. The *antithetic* parallelism is the second kind. In this a thing is illustrated by its contrary being placed in opposition to it. This is not confined to any particular

form. Sentiments are opposed to sentiments, words to words, actions to actions, thus :

Faithful are the wounds of a friend :

But the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

The full soul loatheth a honeycomb ;

But to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet.

— Proverbs xxvii.

8. There is a third kind of parallelism, in which the sentences answer to each other, not by the iteration of the same image or sentiment, or the opposition of their contraries, but merely by the form of *construction*. The following is a fine example :

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul ;

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart ;

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever ;

The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

— Psalm xix.

XLI. POETRY OF RHYME AND BLANK VERSE.

1. Poetry, as Coleridge defined it, is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language. It differs from prose as much in its form as in its character and purpose. In form it is measured, in character it is imaginative, and in purpose it is emotional. To be sure, we often have poetic prose, and, alas ! too frequently, prosy poetry ; but the above is characteristic.

2. The earliest attempts at poetry, outside of that of Hebrews, were both rhythmical and rhyming. Much that followed was merely rhythmical. In a loose way, the first may be called the poetry of the passions, and the second the poetry of thought. Not that there is no thought in the one, or passion in the other; but in the first the emotional predominates, and in the second thought controls.

3. The lyrics and ballads — those composed for song or musical recitation — are rhyming; while much of that devoted to the consideration of noble themes, as the epic and the drama, is in the form known as blank verse. In this the measure is preserved, but there is no closing of lines with rhyming syllables or words. But all modern poetry, whether rhyming verse or blank verse, contains a succession of accented or unaccented syllables, true to the scheme decided upon.

4. The following quotations will serve as illustrations of the difference between rhyming verse and blank verse:

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
 In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
 In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
 In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

—FROM TENNYSON'S "LOCKSLEY HALL."

His gain is loss; for he that wrongs his friend
 Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about
 A silent court of justice in his breast,
 Himself the judge and jury, and himself
 The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd.

—FROM TENNYSON'S "SEA DREAMS."

2. Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet
 Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.

3. Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

4. The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

5. There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawy bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

I. Definitions : (1) *maun, must* ; (1) *stoure (stoor), dust or earth* ; (2) *sprēe'kled, speckled* ; (2) *brēast*, — rhymes with "east" ; (3) *glint'ēd, peeped* ; (4) *biēld, shelter* ; (4) *hī's'tle, dry and rugged* ; (4) *stāne, stone*.

II. Note : It will help greatly in the proper reading of the selec-

tions from Burns to remember that the dialect of Scotland uses the long sounds of the vowels almost exclusively; thus "bonny" is "bōny," "power" is "pōor." Note also the abbreviations, as "wi'" for "with"; "o'" for "of"; "'mang" for "among"; "wa's" for "walls."

The Scottish dialect has no silent vowels, hence, where it is not intended to make an extra syllable, the apostrophe is used; thus "flow'r" indicates one syllable, and "rear'd" is one syllable instead of "rear'ed," as it would be without the indicated contraction.

This dialect is also peculiarly rich in the abundance of its diminutives, and this gives it especial fitness for ballad poetry, since diminutives are the natural language of the affections, and ballad poetry its form of literary expression. "Mousie" is a diminutive for "mouse,"—but we have "wee mousie," "wee bit mousie"; so "laddie wee laddie" and "wee bit laddie."

XLIII. TO A MOUSE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

1. Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!
2. I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!
3. I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!

A daimen icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request ;
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 An' never miss't !

4. Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 It's silly wa's the win's are strewin !
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
 And bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell an' keen !

5. Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell —
 Till crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

6. That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turned out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld !

7. But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain ;
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft agley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy.

8. Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But och ! I backward cast my e'e,
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

Definitions: (1) *eqw'rīn*, *covering*; (1) *need nā*, *need not*; (1) *pāt'tle*, *an iron for cleaning the plowshare*; (3) *whiles*, *sometimes*; (3) *dāi'men ick'ēr*, *an occasional ear of corn*, — *corn*, in Scotland, means *oats*; (3) *lāve*, *remainder*; (3) *thrāve*, *a double shock, or twenty-four sheaves*; (4) *wee bit housie*, *triple diminutive for house*; (4) *fōg'gāge*, *moss*; (4) *snēll*, *sharp*; (5) *equl'tēr*, *an iron blade of a plow to cut the sod*; (6) *but house or hald*, *without house or hold*; (6) *thōle*, *endure*; (6) *crān'reuch cauld*, *hoarfrost cold*; (7) *gāng āft ā gley'*, *go oft awry*.

XLIV. PRELUDE TO "IN MEMORIAM."

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson, the greatest poet in English of the nineteenth century, was born at Somerby, in Lincolnshire, on August 6, 1809. He began early to try his wing in verse, and at the age of seventeen he published, in partnership with his older brother Charles, a small volume entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." While at Trinity College he was a member of an intimate society called "The Apostles," to which belonged some of the most brilliant young men of England. Gladstone was a member, as was Arthur Henry Hallam, Tennyson's closest

friend. It is he whom Tennyson immortalizes in "In Memoriam." Hallam was a young man of remarkable promise, and his death made a great impression upon Tennyson's life and poetry. His work was no longer that of

"An idle singer of an empty day,"

but was serious and constant for sixty years.

Tennyson signalized his appointment as Poet Laureate by his stately "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," which appeared in 1852. Only two British poets have written more voluminously, Shakespeare and Browning. Tennyson "crossed the bar" on the 6th of October, 1892, leaving a world to mourn the loss of a seer and to rejoice in him as one who had finished his course and kept the faith.

1. Strong son of God, Immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove :

2. Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
 Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
 Thou madest Death : and lo, thy foot
 Is on the skull which thou hast made.

3. Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
 Thou madest man, he knows not why, —
 He thinks he was not made to die ;
 And thou hast made him : thou art just.

4. Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou :
 Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

5. Our little systems have their day ;
 They have their day and cease to be :
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

6. We have but faith ; we can not know :
 For knowledge is of things we see ;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
 A beam in darkness : let it grow.

7. Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell ;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before,

8. But vaster. We are fools and slight ;
 We mock thee when we do not fear :
 But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

9. Forgive what seemed my sin in me ;
 What seemed my worth since I began :
 For merit lives from man to man,
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

10. Forgive my grief for one removed, —
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair :
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved.

11. Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
 Confusions of a wasted youth ;
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,
 And in thy wisdom make me wise.
-

XLV. RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

FROM "IN MEMORIAM," BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
2. Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going, let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.
3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.
4. Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.
5. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

6. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
 7. Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
 8. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.
-

XLVI. CROSSING THE BAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

1. Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
2. But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep,
Turns again home.
3. Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark ;

4. For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

XLVII. A LETTER TO HIS NEPHEW.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

This letter was written to Charles R. Lowell, at that time in his fifteenth year. It contains so much sound advice that its perusal can not fail to prove helpful to young people.

James Russell Lowell was born in Cambridge, Mass., on February 22, 1819, and died in 1891. His birthplace at Cambridge was called Elmwood, after some fine English elms that stood in front of the house. There he spent most of his life, and wrote the books that have endeared his name to English-speaking people wherever they are found.

Lowell's "Letters," in two volumes, are published by Harper Brothers. They contain much that is interesting to the general reader, and through them one can become acquainted with the true character of one of America's most distinguished men of letters.

ELMWOOD, June 11, 1849.

1. MY DEAR CHARLIE, — I have had so much to do in the way of writing during the past week that I have not had time sooner to answer your letter, which came to me in due course of mail, and for which I am much obliged to you.

2. I am very glad to hear that you are enjoying yourself so much, and also that the poor musquash dug faster than you did. I was not so long ago a boy as not to remember what sincere satisfaction there is in a good ducking, and how the spirit of maritime adventure is ministered to by a raft which will not float. I congratulate you on both experiences.

3. And now let me assume the privilege of my uncleship to give you a little advice. Let me counsel you to make use of all your visits to the country as opportunities for an education which is of great importance, which town-bred boys are commonly lacking in, and which can never be so cheaply acquired as in boyhood. Remember that a man is valuable in our day for what he *knows*, and that his company will always be desired by others in exact proportion to the amount of intelligence and instruction he brings with him. I assure you that one of the earliest pieces of definite knowledge we acquire after we have become men is this — that our company will be desired no longer than we honestly pay our proper share in the general reckoning of mutual entertainment. A man who knows more than another knows *incalculably* more, be sure of that, and a person with eyes in his head can not look even into a pigsty without learning something that will be useful to him at one time or another. Not that we should educate ourselves for the mere selfish sake of that advantage of superiority which it will give us. But knowledge is power in this noblest sense, that it enables us to *benefit* others and to pay our way honorably in life by being of *use*.

4. Now, when you are at school in Boston you are furnishing your brain with what can be obtained from books. You are training and enriching your intellect. While you are in the country you should remember that you are in the great school of the senses. Train your eyes and ears. Learn to know all the trees by their bark and leaves, by their general shape and manner of growth.

Sometimes you can be able to say positively what a tree is *not* by simply examining the lichens on the bark, for you will find that particular varieties of lichen love particular trees. Learn also to know all the birds by sight, by their notes, by their manner of flying ; all the animals by their general appearance and gait or the localities they frequent.

5. You would be ashamed not to know the name and use of every piece of furniture in the house, and we ought to be as familiar with every object in the world — which is only a larger kind of house. You recollect the pretty story of Pizarro and the Peruvian Inca : how the Inca asked one of the Spaniards to write the word *Dios* (God) upon his thumb nail, and then, showing it to the rest, found only Pizarro unable to read it ! Well, you will find as you grow older that this same name of God is written all over the world in little phenomena that occur under our eyes every moment, and I confess that I feel very much inclined to hang my head with Pizarro when I can not translate these hieroglyphics into my own vernacular.

6. Now, I write all this to you, my dear Charlie, not in the least because it is considered proper for uncles to bore their nephews with musty moralities and advice ; but I should be quite willing that you should think me a bore if I could only be the means of impressing upon you the importance of *observing*, and the great fact that we can not properly observe till we have learned *how*. Education, practice, and especially a determination not to be satisfied with remarking that side of an object which happens to catch our eye first when we first see it —

these gradually make an observer. The faculty, once acquired, becomes at length another sense which works mechanically.

7. I think I have sometimes noticed in you an *impatience* of mind which you should guard against carefully. Pin this maxim up in your memory — that Nature abhors the credit system, and that we never get anything in life till we have paid for it. Anything good, I mean; evil things we always pay for afterwards, and always when we find it hardest to do it. By paying for them, of course, I mean *laboring* for them. Tell me how much good solid *work* a young man has in him, and I will erect a horoscope for him as accurate as Guy Mannering's for young Bertram. Talents are absolutely nothing to a man except he have the faculty of work along with them. They, in fact, turn upon him and worry him, as Actæon's dogs did — you remember the story? Patience and perseverance — these are the sails and the rudder even of genius, without which it is only a wretched hulk upon the waters.

8. It is not fair to look a gift horse in the mouth, unless, indeed, it be a wooden horse, like that which carried the Greeks into Troy; but my lecture on patience and *finish* was apropos of your letter, which was more careless in its chirography and (here and there) in its composition than I liked. Always make a thing as good as you can. Otherwise it was an excellent letter, because it told what you had seen and what you were doing — certainly better as a *letter* than this of mine, which is rather a sermon. But read it, my dear Charlie, as the advice of one who

takes a sincere interest in you. I hope to hear from you again, and my answer to your next shall be more entertaining.

I remain your loving uncle,

J. R. LOWELL.

I. Notes: (2) *mūs'quash* is the American Indian word for *muskrat*.

(5) *Pizār'rô* was the Spaniard who invaded Peru in 1532 and conquered that country. At that time the monarch of Peru was called the Inca.

(7) "Guy Mannering" is the title, as well as the hero, of one of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

(7) *Actæ'on* (äk tē'ūn) was a fabled huntsman who was changed by Diana into a stag, and afterwards worried and killed by his own dogs.

II. Suggestions: Consult a dictionary for the pronunciation and meaning of the following words: maritime, lichens, phenomena, hieroglyphics, vernacular, horoscope, apropos, chirography, sincere.

What advice did Mr. Lowell give to his nephew? Why do you think it good? How can you profit by this advice?

XLVIII. MAHMOOD THE IMAGE BREAKER.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1. Old events have modern meanings; only that survives
Of past history which finds kindred in all hearts and lives.
2. Mahmood once, the idol breaker, spreader of the Faith,
Was at Sumnat tempted sorely, as the legend saith.
3. In the great pagoda's center, monstrous and abhorred,
Granite on a throne of granite, sat the temple's lord.

4. Mahmood paused a moment, silenced by the silent face
That, with eyes of stone unwavering, awed the
ancient place.
5. Then the Brahmins knelt before him, by his doubt
made bold,
Pledging for their idol's ransom countless gems and
gold.
6. Gold was yellow dirt to Mahmood, but of precious use,
Since from it the roots of power suck a potent juice.
7. "Were yon stone alone in question, this would please
me well,"
Mahmood said; "but, with the block there, I my
truth must sell.
8. "Wealth and rule slip down with Fortune, as her
wheel turns round;
He who keeps his faith, he only can not be dis-
crowned.
9. "Little were a change of station, loss of life or crown,
But the wreck were past retrieving if the Man fell
down."
10. So his iron mace he lifted, smote with might and
main,
And the idol, on the pavement tumbling, burst in
twain.
11. Luck obeys the downright striker; from the hollow
core,
Fifty times the Brahmins' offer deluged all the floor.

XLIX. THE PRESENT CRISIS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

1. When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east
to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul
within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy
sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny
stem of Time.
2. Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the
instantaneous throe,
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems
to and fro ;
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing
start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute
lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps be-
neath the Future's heart.
3. So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a
chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sym-
pathies with God

In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up
by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the
nobler clod.

4. For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears
along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of
right or wrong ;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's
vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibers feels the gush of
joy or shame ; —
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal
claim.
5. Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good
or evil side ;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each
the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep
upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness
and that light.
6. Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou
shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust
against our land ?

Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone
is strong,

And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her
throng

Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from
all wrong.

7. Backward look across the ages and the beacon
moments see,

That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through
Oblivion's sea ;

Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose
feet earth's chaff must fly ;

Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment
hath passed by.

8. Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's pages
but record

One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems
and the Word ;

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the
throne,—

Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the
dim unknown,

Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above His own.

9. We see dimly in the Present what is small and what
is great,

Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron
helm of fate,

But the soul is still oracular ; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave
within, —

“They enslave their children's children who make
compromise with sin.”

10. Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant
brood,

Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have
drenched the earth with blood,

Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our
purer day,

Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable
prey ; —

Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless
children play ?

11. Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her
wretched crust,

Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis pros-
perous to be just ;

Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward
stands aside,

Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had
denied.

12. Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes, — they were
souls that stood alone,

While the men they agonized for hurled the con-
tumelious stone,

Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden
 beam incline
 To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith
 divine,
 By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's
 supreme design.

13. By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet
 I track,
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that
 turns not back,
 And these mounts of anguish number how each gen-
 eration learned
 One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet
 hearts hath burned
 Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face
 to heaven upturned.
14. For Humanity sweeps onward : where to-day the
 martyr stands,
 On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his
 hands ;
 Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling
 fagots burn,
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe
 return
 To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden
 urn.
15. 'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
 Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers'
 graves,

Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light
a crime ; —

Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by
men behind their time ?

Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make
Plymouth Rock sublime ?

16. They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,

Unconvinced by ax or gibbet that all virtue was the
Past's ;

But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that
hath made us free,

Hoarding it in moldy parchments, while our tender
spirits flee

The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove
them across the sea.

17. They have rights who dare maintain them ; we are
traitors to our sires,

Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit
altar fires ;

Shall we make their creed our jailer ? Shall we, in
our haste to slay,

From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral
lamps away

To light up the martyr fagots round the prophets of
to-day ?

18. New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient
good uncouth ;

They must upward still, and onward, who would
keep abreast of Truth ;
Lo, before us gleam her camp fires ! we ourselves
must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the
desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's
blood-rusted key.



THE SCHOOL LIBRARY.

Through the medium of the regular text-book and literary classics, and under the immediate direction of the teacher, the pupil may do much in the schoolroom to beget a taste for reading; but the *reading habit* must be developed, if developed at all, by the work which the pupil does outside the classroom. It is suggested that a properly selected School Library affords the cheapest and surest means of fixing the *habit of reading good literature*, — a habit whose value is incalculable in estimating its influence in favor of a broad and genuine culture.

It is confidently believed that the School Library should be directly related to the pupil's text-book, and thus afford the means of directly extending the work of the schoolroom. The list below will be of special interest and significance to schools that are using The Progressive Course in Reading, Fifth Book, but the works mentioned would be desirable in any School Library.

PART I.

TITLES	AUTHORS	TITLES	AUTHORS
<i>Swiss Family Robinson</i>	Wyss	<i>David Copperfield</i>	Dickens
<i>Being a Boy</i>	Warner	<i>Ben-Hur</i>	Wallace
<i>Hajji Baba</i>	Morier	<i>Tales of a Grandfather</i>	Scott
<i>Hiawatha</i>	Longfellow	<i>Grandfather's Chair</i>	Hawthorne
<i>Last of the Mohicans</i>	Cooper	<i>Ages Ago</i>	Carrington
<i>Cricket on the Hearth</i>	Dickens	<i>Chemical History of a</i>	
<i>Barnaby Rudge</i>	Dickens	<i>Candle</i>	Faraday
<i>A Boy I Knew</i>	Hutton	<i>Views Afoot</i>	Taylor

PART II.

<i>Mill on the Floss</i>	Elliot	<i>History of Columbus</i>	Irving
<i>Vicar of Wakefield</i>	Goldsmith	<i>Astoria</i>	Irving
<i>House of Seven Gables</i>	Hawthorne	<i>The Oregon Trail</i>	Parkman
<i>Ivanhoe</i>	Scott	<i>Conquest of Mexico</i>	Prescott
<i>Les Misérables</i>	Hugo	<i>Julius Cæsar</i>	Shakespeare
<i>Don Quixote</i>	Cervantes	<i>Letters</i>	Lowell
<i>Pickwick Papers</i>	Dickens	<i>Tales from Shakespeare</i>	Lamb

The poems of Scott, Campbell, O'Reilly, Moore, Whittier, Longfellow, Goethe, Schiller, Byron, Poe, Holmes, Saxe, Tennyson, and Burns.

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